

The WAR CRY



William Booth
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN of
in Canada East & Newfoundland

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

Edward J. Higgins
General

No. 2404. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, NOVEMBER 15, 1930.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner.



They sang of Christ's Wonder-working Power, and the Dope-fiend remembered when she, as a girl, used to sing that hope-giving song
(See our new Serial, "Receiving!" commencing on page 4)

THE RIGHTNESS OF HELL

"Never Regard Hell as an Exploded Superstition," Says BRIGADIER G. HOWE. "It is Not Only a Stupendous Bible Fact, But it is Proved by the Self-Evident, Sad Facts of Human Experience"

HELL is the natural and logical culmination to a life of unforgiven sin, the final stage to all who reject the redemption of Jesus Christ. Come, view this awful truth without bias or aversion; with an open mind, and open eyes, and an open Bible before us. Eliminate from your thoughts the idea that Hell is a mere dogma of a future retribution passed over to us from the obscurity and superstition of the Middle Ages; that Hell is a fabulous illusion of a disordered mentality; a persistent belief in something which has no existence in fact, and that it is only held by religious sentimentalists; that Hell is a bogey theory to frighten simple-minded people, that it is the prediction of declamatory speech-makers, that well-meaning, but obsolete and illogical Salvation Army speakers, emotional revivalists and limited-thinking preachers of the old type are the only folk who believe in the awful Truth.

Banish from your mind the notion that Hell is literal fire; it represents much more acute suffering than burning. Some time ago I knew a brilliant journalist, who had lived a double, unchaste life. At last his sins had found him out, and, with the health and happiness of his beautiful wife ruined, he had brought a stigma to the names of his promising boys, and had broken up his once-pleasant home.

I shall never forget this man speaking through the telephone in my office to the proprietors of the daily newspaper upon which he officiated as the gifted leader-writer, supplicating and begging for clemency and another chance. The answer came "Your life and actions are so dishonorable we cannot retain you upon our staff." He turned from the 'phone, doubled up like one attacked by a fearful cramp, and, pressing his hands to his sides, he shrieked in mortal agony, "Dismissed, disgraced, oh, my poor, poor wife! My poor boys! This will mean Hell to them."

The groans, moans, sobs and, at intervals, the loud lamentations of this guilty man are echoing in my ears to-day. The wretched man suffered more intensely from his fiery conscience, flaming out with tongues

ings of demon-possessed, vile-tempered people. What else can issue from the lives of men and women who are burning, burning, burning, in the blackness of fleshly lusts?

I know that such Hells exist for I have been in some of them. I have seen men and women burning continually, yet unconsumed; constantly falling without striking bottom; waxing worse and worse. At times they are full of pain and shame; often they are conscious that they have played the fool; they are all the time sensible that they are playing with fire; but, having become the sport of Satan's deceptions, by the infatuations of the drink habit, the gambling mania, or carnal indulgence they sink lower and lower.

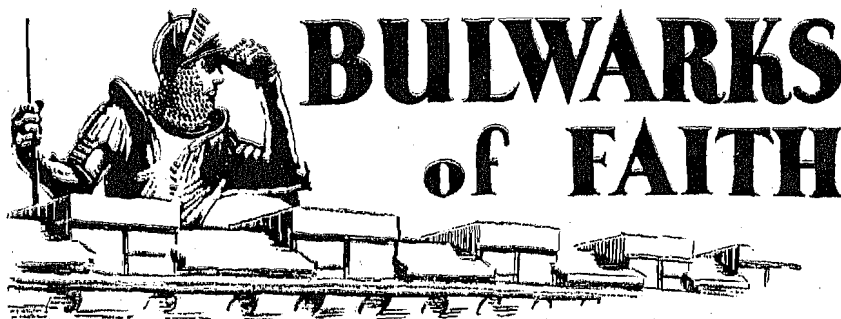
The man, the woman, made for the enjoyment of God, with infinite capacity for goodness, choosing the evil; mad with life's history, drawn on and on; allured by the Devil's magnetic baits, they make, at the last, the fatal

snatch, then violently dash over the brink of life into the deep, dark, gruesome gulf of eternity. None, but the blest in Heaven live a more keen or conscious existence than do those millions of lost souls. My heart is stirred to its utmost depths with the dread vision that Hell is all alive, at this hour, with multitudes in ceaseless agony. I seem to hear the innumerable perorations of endless despair.

Oh, awful thought! But the fact is not a thing of the past, it is before us to-day; it is horror in progress. Sinners are falling down the sides of the bottomless pit. Death will but accelerate their downward course.

We are going, surely going,
With the busy, restless years;
A river swiftly flowing,
Flowing through a vale of tears.
Hastening ever, ceasing never,
Pushing on towards the sea;
Passing out to be for ever
Somewhere in Eternity.

(To be continued)



No. 2—How Does the Bible Differ from Shakespeare?

THIS is The Army Doctrine concerning the Bible: "We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by the inspiration of God, and that they only constitute the Divine rule of Christian faith and practice."

Last week we noted that creeds were inevitable and necessary in human thought. Further, we observed that the Bible is the final authority in matters of doctrine, and should be studied more earnestly.

The Bible is the most stupendous Book in existence. Taken from the literary standpoint alone, it is unique. Practically every phase of literature is represented within its pages: epic, lyric, law, proverbs, history, biography, letters. Even drama, a literary form peculiarly Grecian in early history, may be found in the book of Job. Poetry of art, David's consummate masterpieces, provide an example and poetry of power, such as Isaiah's exultant, brooding utterances, which place him on a literary plane with Aeschylus, Dante and Milton, abound throughout the volume.

But not until we consider the Bible as a spiritual guide do we perceive its greatest cogency and charm. It is then literally raised to a cosmic level. It ceases to be the mere product of an obscure people, with limited influence, and becomes the gift of God, carrying universal purport. It dilates upon more than the beauties of nature, or the philosophies of man. It speaks as the voice of God, bearing a message with universal appeal because of that very fact.

It is in the matter of inspiration that the forty-odd writers, whose sixty-six books comprise the Bible, differ from Shakespeare or any other author. Inspiration, as applied to a Milton or a Goethe, is the creative, elevating sway of genius; inspiration, as applied to the Word of God, means that special working or influence of the Holy Spirit whereby the writers received the truth and were guided in recording it. The

whole Bible is inspired and hence comes to us with divine authority (2 Peter 1:21).

This does not necessarily imply that all portions are inspired in the same way, or to the same degree. Neither is there an equal fullness or clarity of revelation in all parts of the Book. The revelation of God in the Bible is progressive. The Jews, led out of Egypt, had to be taught of His holiness, His mercy, His desire for righteousness and pure worship, via the medium of experience, rituals, the voices of messengers and prophets. The culminating revelation, when the Fatherhood of God and His infinite love were revealed, is recorded in the New Testament.

When we say that Bible writers were inspired we do not mean that their own individualities were suppressed. The writers recorded in their own way what they had learned, experienced, seen of God and His dealings with man. Yet, though influenced by contemporary conditions, and able to give full expression to their own personalities, they were guided to convey, as Kitto expressed it, "the mind of the Spirit" in its full and unimpaired integrity. Let us remember, however, that "Christianity is grounded, not in the inspiration of its documents, but in the reality of its facts." Everyone who has truly experienced the New Birth provides further authentication of the veracity of Scriptural truths.

The purpose of the Divine inspiration of the Bible is clearly stated therein: "The Holy Scriptures . . . are able to make thee wise unto Salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Timothy, 3:15-17)—C.D.W.

Next week: Prophecy, Miracles and Jesus Christ.

THE PRAYER CIRCLE

Through every minute of this day
Be with me, Lord!
Through every day of all this week
Be with me, Lord!
Through every week of all this year
Be with me, Lord!
Through all the years of all this life
Be with me, Lord!

So shall the days and weeks and years

Be threaded on a golden cord,
And all drawn on with sweet accord
Unto thy fulness, Lord,
That so, when time is past
By grace, I may at last
Be with Thee, Lord!

—John Oxenham.

THE FAMILY ALTAR

Sunday, Nov. 16th, Gal. 2:1-10

The leading subject of the letter is "justification by faith without the works of the law." Paul, brought up a strict Jew, was taught to believe absolutely in the necessity for all the Jewish rites. He now proves them unnecessary. This is a glorious example of the possibility of a strong nature and outlook being completely changed by the power of Jesus Christ.

Song Book—No. 181.

Monday, Nov. 17th, Gal. 2:11-21

"I DO NOT FRUSTRATE THE GRACE OF GOD."—Not to accept the Salvation of Christ to make for us, His sacrifice useless. But how often, after we are saved, do we forfeit what His grace would give?

Song Book—No. 222.

Tuesday, Nov. 18th, Gal. 3:1-9

"RECEIVED YE THE SPIRIT BY THE WORKS OF THE LAW, OR BY THE HEARING OF FAITH?"—A great man of God says "Prayer cannot draw down answers from God's throne except it be the earnest prayer of the man who believes. There is no other road betwixt my soul and Heaven. Blockade the road, and how can I communicate with the Great King?"

Song Book—No. 325.

Wednesday, Nov. 19th, Gal. 3:10-18

"GOD GAVE IT TO ABRAHAM BY PROMISE."—God could have blessed His people without previously announcing it, but the promise gives faith, hope, patience, and strength. He has promised to supply the need of each one of us.

Song Book—No. 372.

Thursday, Nov. 20th, Gal. 3:19-29

"YE ARE ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS."—For the building up of His kingdom Christ needs the witness in the shop or factory. He needs the pen to send forth His message. He needs the platform, the home—the faithfulness of all.

Song Book—No. 460.

Friday, Nov. 21st, Gal. 4:1-11

"BUT NOW, AFTER THAT YE HAVE KNOWN GOD . . . HOW TURN YE AGAIN TO THE WEAK ELEMENT?"—It is often well to draw a comparison between our experience "then" and "now." Our knowledge of God must increase, for with that our strength increases.

Song Book—No. 693.

Saturday, Nov. 22nd, Gal. 4:12-26

"IT IS GOOD TO BE ZEALOUSLY AFFECTED ALWAYS IN A GOOD THING."—"The faster a man rides, if he be in the wrong road, the farther he goes out of the way. Zeal is the best or worst thing in a duty." Are you enthusiastic for God?

Song Book—No. 619.

"I AM LOST"

The brother of Whitefield, the great evangelist, was deeply despondent at times; and felt his utter worthlessness and helplessness. On one such occasion Lady Huntingdon spoke to him about his Salvation, and tried to induce him to come to Christ. To all her pleas he answered, "Oh, it is no use! I am lost! I am lost!" "Thank God for that," said she. "Why?" asked the man in astonishment. "Because," said Lady Huntingdon, "Christ came to save the lost, and if you are lost, He is just the One who can save you."

The Wages of Sin
is Death;

The Gift of God is
Eternal Life

of shame and remorse which were torturing his memory, reason and soul with a fire seven times fiercer than that which hurts the body. Indeed, literal fire would have been a mitigation of suffering by comparison with the excruciating anguish which overwhelmed him in painful agony.

Don't quibble, cavil, and talk of taboo about Hell. Never regard it as an exploded superstition. It is not only a stupendous Bible fact, but it is proved by the self-evident, sad facts of human experience. Open your eyes and you will see all about you miniature Hells, foreshadowings of the Hell of the future world. Our cities that otherwise would be, in everything, places of beauty, are darkened by the smoke of torment ascending from the slums, the jails, the gallows, the madhouses, the lock hospitals, the brothels, the divorce courts, the gambling rendezvous, the public houses, the drunkards' hovels, the habitations of debauchery, the dwell-

THIS STORY SHOWS HOW DESPERADOES ARE MADE

"WHEN HE HAD SPENT ALL!"

Young Scot, on the Verge of Desperation, Meets the Miraculous and finds New Life in the Kindly Ministrations of an Army Officer

HE FOUND himself in a "far country," and, having "spent all," he was at his wits' end as to the facing of the future. "All" must necessarily be a comparative term; Jock's "all" had proved to be very insignificant when

body and soul together; but in a decaying, disheartening, demoralizing association. His *locus standi* was nil. Like any other piece of flotsam and jetsam on the verge of the sea of life, amongst the scum and off-scourings of the tide of affairs, he moved aimlessly hither and yon; he had no abiding place; he drifted; and, as is the way of such, grew rapidly worse.

Fearing that eventually he would lose everything, moral and physical, Jock came to the conclusion that he would "beat it" East. Of course going East suggested retreat, and that was hard to admit; but it was also the direction of home. And who is there, in such a pickle as that in which Jock found himself, but could draw mental pictures of the comforts existing under the old family roof?

Swallowing the last vestiges of pride Jock set out in an easterly direction. No, he did not travel first-class *de luxe*, and he did not always make progress continuously. It was a jerky kind of onward movement — from one divisional freight yard to another. It was dangerous and fugitive, moreover, for the crew running freight trains have not been instructed in the fine arts of service as, say, the attendants in the parlor-buffet cars.

At the same time it must be admitted that Jock got all that he expected to get—free, if surreptitious, transportation—and he duly arrived in Toronto.

Toronto! The very name of the city had stood out in his mind like a beacon light during the darkness of

the months of privation and despair out West; but when he faced the down-town prospect, asking his silent question of the lowering skyline, the glowering heights frowned a coldly-silent refusal.

You pick up a lot of dirt on your clothing during gratis travelling across the Dominion, and Jock was not over presentable as he stood at the foot of Yonge Street watching the ceaseless stream of well-dressed people passing urgently to and fro, with scarce a glance for his dishevelled appearance. Or were those city folk very much aware of the odd figure cut by the Scots boy and, out of kindness, turned their glances quickly away, lest they cause him some additional embarrassment? Who shall say?

Much more serious hurt had been done to Jock, however, than that which affected his clothing during those stolen rides from city to city. The conversation of the company he had, perforce, to keep, among the travelling public of the class to which he had fallen, left its mark upon his memory, and Jock was now turning matters over in a tainted mind that spelled despair with these letters — d-e-s-p-e-r-a-t-i-o-n. The grey coldness of his outlook was tinged with the red of reckless madness. If it should happen that Jock should "see red" altogether only horror could result!

"Could I but find my way to W—," said Jock to himself, "I'd locate my cousin; he's the only person I know on the whole continent!"

A strange confession, you will say, for one who had been in Canada two years. Yet so it was. Jock had made no friends to whom he could turn in last resort. "I'll get out of Toronto, anyhow," he added, and he began to look for free transportation to W—.

Just as he was satisfied that all was going well, at last, huddled away in a corner of a freight car, he was discovered and handed over to the police as a vagrant. Ah, well, this was the end, he thought. Why struggle more? Since the police had got him, and the stigma of the cell was sinking into his soul, as well make a regular thing of living in defiance of the law, observance of which had not aided him at all.

These were his cogitations, as he sat pent in the prisoning walls. Had ever walls served to give such a grim feeling to any man before? Very well, red it should be, and he'd show them how red he could make it!

A rattle of keys, a clatter at the door and there broke on the gloom of his depression the sound of a cheery voice!

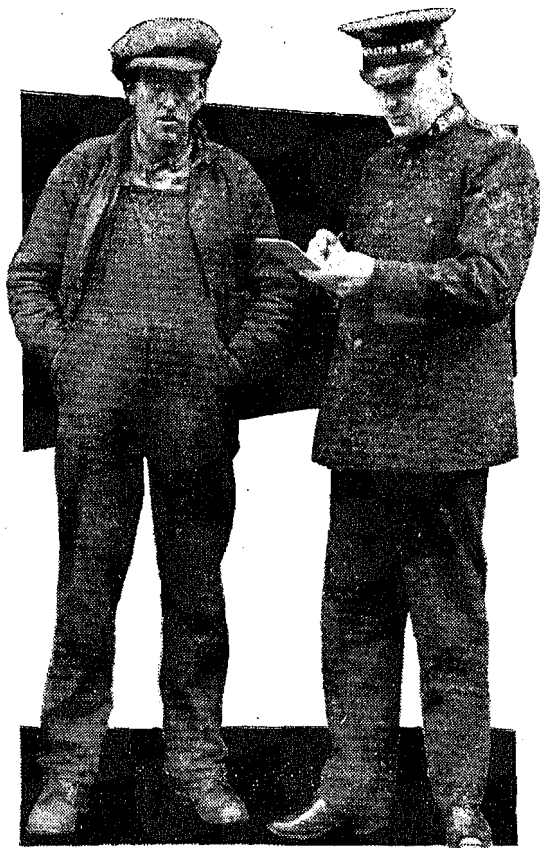
"Hallo, there, what brings you here?" It was an unexpected sight which greeted the surly upturning of Jock's eyes. A Salvation Army Officer, genial and half-smiling, stood before him.

"Finding your way in is easier than finding the way out of this place, I reckon," the Officer added to cover Jock's embarrassed confusion; "but you don't want to stay in, I guess; so we must see about getting you out, eh?"

Just as easy as that, it would appear; to Jock it was nothing less than miraculous. The coming of the Army Officer—representing that Organization with which Jock was so familiar in his own country—seemed to bring with it the atmosphere of New Testament days, when prison walls quaked and doors flew open of their own volition at midnight. Here was this robust Salvationist proposing to make straight the way before him and, ere he could check up the passing of events, Jock had momentarily appeared before a benevolent individual seated in state, with other folks looking on, and had been escorted from the court by his guide and guardian of the Army.

Outside the bodiful building, still bewildered at the swift passing of events, Jock took a deep breath and plunged his fists into the empty depths of his pockets. It really was true, as true as that familiar nothingness at his finger-ends. He was free.

"First a meal," said Staff-Captain Bunton, "but give me your name."



matched against conditions in Canada West.

The cost of the journey from Scotland had bitten deeply into his meagre financial resources; the industrial situation out West all but nullified his greater wealth—his clean and steadily maturing physical powers. Odd jobs served to keep

"OUR MOTTO HAS BEEN, 'GO ON!'"

FAITHFUL COMRADES OF DANFORTH CORPS

OFF the mouth of the Bay of Fundy one wild day some years ago, a scow wallowed helplessly, buffeted by waves and wind.

Two of the crew were talking. One was a wanderer from God, and as he struggled with the raging elements his heart became as water.

"O God," he cried piteously, "have mercy upon me."

His mate heard the cry. He knew the backslider's heart, knew also that only One could answer that heart-cry.

"Get down on your knees," he commanded his trembling companion, and down went the man. There on the sodden deck of the heaving scow, a strange prayer-meeting took place, but never was there a more earnest prayer-meeting. The penitent man prayed and believed; the howling wind and lashing waters could not drown that passionate plea. God heard, and pardoned.

The man whom God used to point the backslider home was Brother Josiah Puddister, now one of the veteran Soldiers of Danforth Corps.

He gave his heart to God back in '85 at Grates Cove, Newfoundland, and became a Soldier in 1890 at St. John's I.

"Though the fighting has been

tough," says our comrade, our "motto has been 'Go on!'" Those who are personally acquainted with both Brother and Sister Puddister will agree that they have stuck to their motto. They



Brother and Sister Puddister

are counted among the most faithful of the Danforth Soldiery, and although now 65 and 67 respectively, they may be seen in the Open-Airs witnessing readily for Christ and His Cause.

Sister Mrs. Puddister is the Cradle Roll Sergeant, while her husband holds the position of Quartermaster Sergeant.



Jock's particulars were duly entered and off they set. Food, a wash and trim up, the assurance of a bed—and human interest in his condition, worked a revolution; we might say counter-revolution, in Jock, who, in further conversation with the Staff-Captain disclosed the existence of that cousin in W—.

"Let's look into this," said the Officer, and, in due course, it was decided that Jock should be conveyed, by road, to W—.

Even here the miraculous seemed to obtrude. How could this Army man arrange for free transportation at a few hours' notice? Actually it was very simple.

"Looking for a lift to W— for a man," said the Staff-Captain, over the phone to the manager of a cartage company. "Got anything going that way? You have? Tomorrow? Good for you! He will come and give a hand with the loading, and at the other end will assist to unload. Good! Many thanks!"

And the next morning, bright and (Continued on page 12)

OUR NEW SERIAL!

Receiving

*A story showing that one reaps more
than one sows*

as Narrated to Brig Jas. A. Hawkins

CHAPTER I—Down to the River

THE fluttering of a tri-colored, even discolored, flag, the sound of a roughly-sung chorus, the sight of a group of poorly-dressed men and women, combine in my memory, in an instant, to represent my first view of The Salvation Army. How many years ago it is, yet I can easily imagine but an hour has elapsed since that Sunday afternoon. Thousands of miles of heaving ocean intervene, but the sight might be set just around the corner. I was a little girl that wonderful day when, in a wonderful way, I got my first transient contact with The Army, and now—ah, not only multiplicity of years, but wealth of sorrow, consequent upon depth of sin, have filled in the interval!

Strange how an idea, mistaken though it was, came into my mind with that initial peep at The Army, to follow me through the years, to abide with me even unto this day as, reluctantly, I take my pen to give expression to my crowding thoughts, that thus I may be freed from their persistent compulsion.

Yes, compulsion it is, for only so would I ever tell the world of the way I have come. But perchance it may save younger feet than mine from straying.

How quickly expressed is the idea contained in the poet's line which speaks of "memories that bless and burn!" Maybe it is common to the sons and daughters of men to have two kinds of recurrent thought—those recollections which burn and those others—Thank God for the others!—that bless.

Any reference to Limehouse provokes, nowadays, thoughts of the weird Chinatown which is supposed now to characterise that portion of the East End of London. Yet it is far from being the romantic, dazlingly-lighted, picturesquely-adorned quarter which popular fancy, aided by the newspapers and modern magazines, would have men believe. Here are the same sordid, almost squalid, rows of poverty-stricken houses typical of Dockland, with here and there the tiny general store selling small packets of tea or sugar, tins of condensed milk or preserved fruits, butter, cheese and what-not, as may be found in any other poor working-class district in the great Metropolis. Here, also the pale-faced, emaciated slum type of children, with the occasional chubby child in contrast with the others, much as you will find elsewhere in similar conditions.

Fearfully, arrestingly, different is the discovery—it gives you a distinct little shock before you are quite aware of it—of the red paper panel on the tiny store window, now and again, bearing, in black cabalistic characters, the Chinese shop-keeper's announcement to his compatriots. And one of these latter—Western garb notwithstanding, he is instantaneously distinguishable, even at a distance—emerging from one of the silent, the strangely-silent, houses, gives you a sense of the busy life, the utterly un-English life, which pulsates so noiselessly within.

Yet again will the visitor receive a shock to find with what devotion the occasional Chinese man, leaning against a door-post, or sitting on a low window-sill, or on the door-step, maybe, will tenderly nurse the baby in his arms.

That baby may be entirely Western in appearance; again it will bear only Oriental lineaments upon its features; but the Eurasian and the quadroon flourish in Limehouse. Nevertheless the fact that a one hundred per cent. Chinese man is nursing a baby tells no sure story, save that he is fond of children and will fondle and carefully tend any child that he may be allowed to handle.

Most certain it is that the Chinese population in Limehouse is in such a

minority as not in any worthy sense to characterize the district, nor does Limehouse deserve the implication which skulks in the shadow of the nick-name thus bestowed.

In any case only disillusionment will reward the curious visitor, as surely as it will sweep in upon the foolish seeker after excitement who wins admittance to one of the few gambling dens, largely patronized by sailors, and hidden behind the commonplace London slum exterior, or into an opium parlor—a filthy unromantic hovel, in truth—where daylight is shunned for fear of the exposure which it would certainly make.

Come back then, to the days of my childhood, before Limehouse had won her foolishly-unreal designation, but when, maybe, Dockland contained more romance—the days of the wind-jammer, the sailing ship, coming into port from all the ends of the earth, before steam and commercialism had eaten the very heart out of the sailorman's life.

Ah, never shall I forget the day upon which I first heard those now-familiar words:

I'm believing and receiving,
While I to the River go,
And my heart its waves are
cleansing,
Whiter than the driven snow.

That group of singing Salvationists, part of the Limehouse Corps, came marching through Tomlin's Terrace. And, because the direction of the procession was towards the Regent Canal, I received an impression which was to persist all my life. Naturally I did not understand. How could that sluggishly-moving canal water, which joined the River Thames not far away from this spot, make anything whiter than snow?

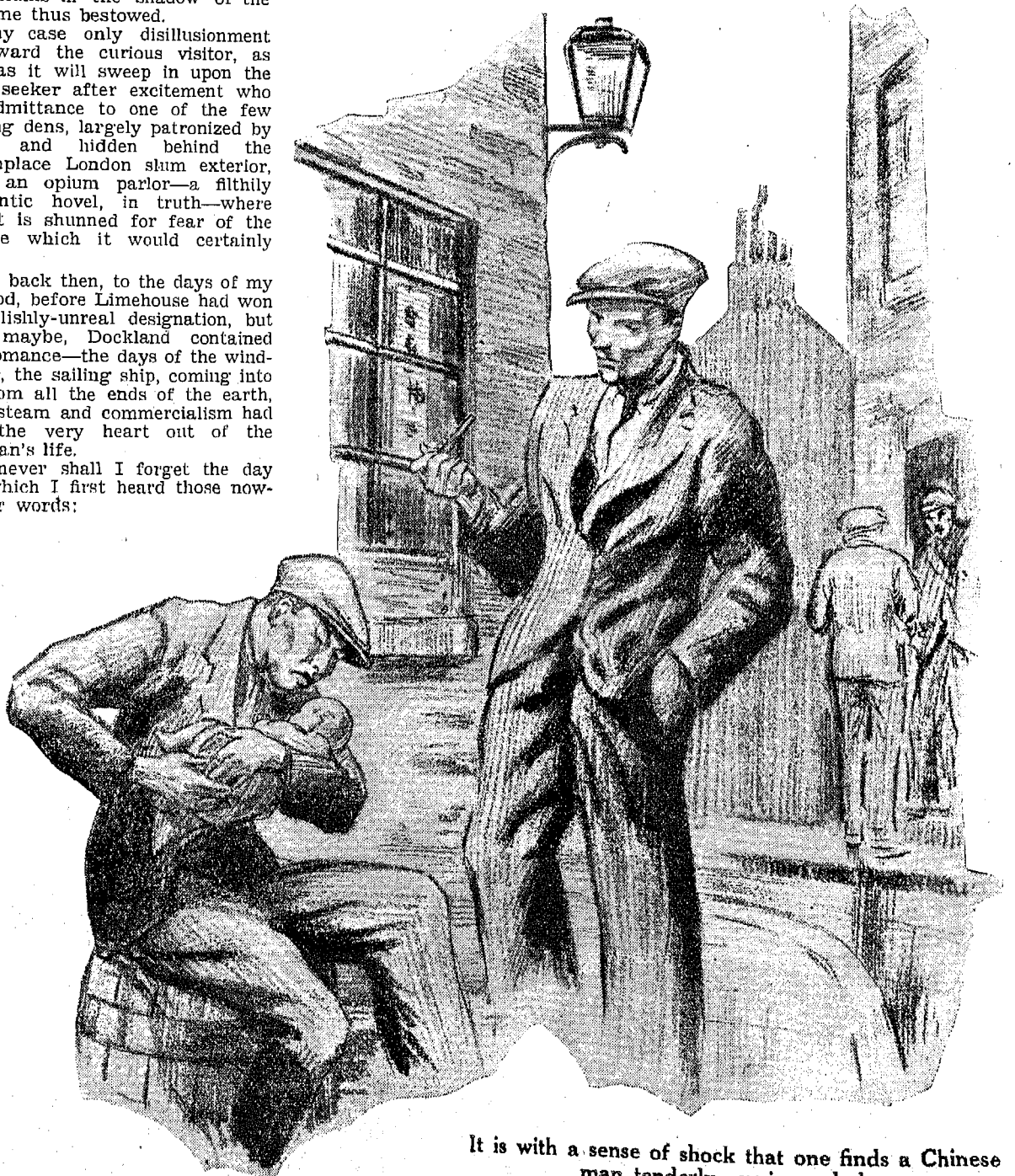
Just a child's foolish fancy, you say. Well, I had never seen these people before; I knew nothing about them, either; but they were singing, at the top of their voices, so that I, child though I was, and running along on the side-walk, looking up into their earnest faces, could catch every word.

Even now, as I sit writing in Toronto, I can smell that canal; lethal receptacle for unwanted dogs and cats, and much beside, with its tow-

paths hollowed out by the hoofs of horses who tugged the barges to and fro all through the day. It was very easy for us to clamber down the bank to the waterside; only a little fence to be negotiated and, because of the attraction thus offered to thoughtless youth, many a child has found a watery grave there.

One cannot forget that, in after years, many a demented man and woman, remembering the fascination of the placid water in childhood's days, has come back to seek oblivion in those foul depths. But there is no less rest in the Regent Canal amidst the ugliness of Limehouse than in Regent Park, where flowers bedeck its banks and its setting is sometimes a dream of beauty. No less and no more. Was it any less reasonable for my childish mind to misinterpret the meaning of the song of the Salvationists regarding the Cleansing River of which they sang, seeing that they were marching with such vigor towards the Canal? It was a River indeed to me.

(To be continued)



It is with a sense of shock that one finds a Chinese man tenderly nursing a baby

CARRYING SUNSHINE INTO SUNLESS HEARTS

League of Mercy Workers are Busy in the Larger Centres of the Canada East Territory Distributing Comfort and Good Cheer

IT WOULD be rather difficult to find a more unassuming group of women than the enthusiastic spirits who comprise the Leagues of Mercy throughout the Canada East Territory. These quiet workers ap-



pear to have an infinite capacity for serviceful labor. Like the noble youth in Longfellow's "Excelsior," they keep ever before them the banner that, in the eyes of so many selfish souls, has such a "strange device"—Service for Others. Their mission is to carry sunshine into sunless hearts, and comfort into lonely lives. Wherever the unfortunate, the sick, the friendless are congregated, whether it be in hospital ward, home or jail cell, they are in the midst, to serve.

It amazes "mere man" to watch them maintain domestic equilibrium—for most of them are mothers with families to look after—and attend to their League duties as well. Yet they do it!

Statistics are not the most amenable of subjects for the writer's pen to handle. They seem lifeless, cold, but if one tries to visualize the warmth and spirit motivating every League activity it becomes something in the way of stupendous to know that these women, in the past year visited 85,939 people! What must be the accumulative effect of such sunshine service?

Of course, League of Mercy efforts are not confined to visitation. In this same period these tireless folk held 999 meetings in jails, hospitals, asylums, etc. They were instrumental in bringing 232 people into living touch with Jesus Christ, though how many more who, unknown to us, received spiritual stimulus at the same time, will never be ascertained until

the Heavenly records are revealed.

A most hopeful ministry carried on by the Leaguers is the distribution of "The War Cry" in various institutions. Nearly 100,000 "white-winged messengers" were broadcast last year in this manner.

Very practical is the service rendered those who are unable to write. Can you imagine a busy mother, after spending a morning of ceaseless rush at home, going through the bustle of noon-hour, getting the children packed off to afternoon school, and then hurrying away to the side of some bed-ridden patient, there to slowly write down a message of love, to be sent, perhaps, to a far-away boy? Literally hundreds of letters were written last year under such-like circumstances, by League of Mercy workers, besides scores of messages delivered by personal call, or phone.

The London League members alone, wrote 112 letters in this period, beside doing their other work, which included the distribution of 16,000 periodicals, visitation of over 13,000 people, and the holding of ninety-two meetings.

We quote herewith a few remarks from a number of representative League of Mercy reports received at Headquarters:

"The League was called upon (says a Toronto writer) to bury an aged woman from—Home. She was 94, and had no friends or relatives.



The members, with an Officer, made arrangements for, and attended the funeral."

Here's a note from Woodstock, Ont:

"A program was given at the House of Refuge recently, followed by a 'treat' for the inmates." Con-

cise and prosaic, to say the least, but that little event likely meant worlds of delight for the Darbys and Joans of the Home.

Says another report:

"Gave ice-cream to the inmates of the Sanatorium, also sang all through the building." Sang all through the building! What a Christ-like thing to do. How closely these Sisters are following in the footsteps of Him who taught the whole world to sing the Song of Redemption!

From Hamilton comes the news that in the past six months there have been thirty-two saved in the jails and hospitals.

A pleasing custom is observed in some of the Leagues. "Sunshine Bags" are distributed at the beginning of each year. They are put in a conspicuous place in the member's home, and into them go the spare



cents, nickels and dimes of the whole family. It is surprising the amounts that accrue from this cheerfully-borne family taxation. And every cent is devoted to a worthy cause.

Great credit is due the various Sergeant-Majors of the Leagues of Mercy, all the way from Windsor to St. John's, Newfoundland, and Halifax, for the efficient service rendered. It is interesting to note that a new Sergeant-Major has been appointed in Montreal in the person of Sister Mrs. Tackaberry.

"At 9.40 that evening God Saved Him"

A SAILORMAN WHO WAS ARRESTED BY A SONG

STAFF-CAPTAIN HARRY HURD was born in the little town of Bay Roberts in Newfoundland. At the age of seven he started in the "penny-a-week" school. Wages were very small in those days, and although his father was a joiner, doing government work, he earned only \$9 a week, and there were seven children to be provided for.

No wonder that Harry had to leave school at the age of nine, and start work spreading fish on the wharf for four cents an hour. This and similar jobs threw him into contact with a rough class of men, and he quickly learned to smoke, play cards, and at the age of fourteen learned to drink.

When seventeen he went to sea, becoming as profligate as his fellows. In the Spring of 1900 he joined the S.S. *Coban*, and was later appointed chief cook, but no longer was he his own master, for drink had enslaved him. He lost his responsible position, and was given a subordinate one.

Misery Beyond Description

While the *Coban* was docked at St. John, New Brunswick, Harry went ashore, feeling more miserable than words can describe, and fearful lest he should repeat the drunken spree through which he lost his job. Going along King Street, he was suddenly arrested by the song, "His Blood can make the vilest clean." The singers were Salvationists, and following them to The Army Hall, he stayed throughout the meeting. Though deeply touched, he did not surrender then, but returned to the boat and asked the watchman to rouse him at five o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday.

By 6.30 a.m. he was at the Hall waiting for the service. He was present at every meeting that memorable day, besides attending to his duties on board ship. At 9.40 that evening he went to the Mercy-seat, where God saved him. Next morning the news had spread from stem to stern of the boat. It was then that the battle began. "It's a sham," they said, and forthwith began to put the new convert to the test. They filled his bed with all sorts of rubbish; when they found him praying they flung boots at him to try to get him to swear. But they soon discovered that Hurd was not so easily daunted.

In the Fall of 1900 Harry left the sea and linked up with Montreal IV

Corps. Later he got a job as cook on the railway, and it was while out West acting as cook on a train that Hurd received word that he had been accepted as a Cadet for training. In September, 1902, he entered the Training Garrison in Toronto.

In July, 1903, he was appointed Lieutenant at Owen Sound. His next Corps was Gore Bay, in Manitoulin Island, where it was a common thing to have weather at forty-two below zero. In those days, The Army wasn't so popular as it is to-day, and money was hard to get. The house in which



Staff-Captain Hurd

Harry and his Captain lived was very cold; you could shoot birds through the cracks. When they went to bed all the clothing they could find was placed on the bed, as well as the mats off the floor; so that they were almost as tired when they got up as when they went to bed!

They had Outposts fifteen miles apart, and very often had to walk to the Sunday meetings with snow up to their knees.

Other Field appointments followed, and in April, 1908, our comrade was united in marriage to Captain Miriam Curlew, then second in charge at the Hamilton Hospital.

Since that day the Staff-Captain has served on the Field as well as in the Men's Social Department, and for a good number of years now has been associated with the Subscribers Department, and in this connection has served in Bermuda, Newfoundland, the Maritimes, London, and since 1927 in Hamilton.

Full of energy, optimism and ideas, it is no wonder the Staff-Captain has proved successful in his work, and we bespeak for him continued years of useful service.

SOUTH AFRICA AHOY!

Ensign Herbert Wood Gives Interesting Travelogue at Brock Avenue Corps

South Africa was the absorbing theme of an illustrated lantern lecture given by Ensign Herbert Wood, now home on furlough from South Africa, at Brock Avenue Corps on Saturday, November 1st, and a fine assembly enjoyed the evening and were benefited.

From the Cape to the Zambesi the Ensign took us, in a travelogue which simply bristled with Salvation adventure and with strange customs and legends of that fascinating land.

We saw the amazing feats of the native fire walkers, who, in a miraculous way, are able to stride through a carpet of red hot ashes, unharmed. We stood on the brink of Victoria Falls and viewed with awe this mighty cataract, which is four hundred feet high and a mile wide. In very realistic fashion we were whisked to the great Mashona country and participated in one of those wonderful Congresses, such as the General has recently conducted, in

the Temple of the Rocks. We had several enlightening moments in the Gold City—Johannesburg, where The Army's Headquarters are located, and saw, too, some interesting views of gold-mining and diamond mining—industries which have made South Africa famous.

The European side of The Army's work, in which our comrade, with Mrs. Wood, has spent seven years, was described with profit, and we were able to rejoice that many human "diamonds" have been retrieved for God in that country.

In all, upwards of two hundred slides were shown, and we appreciated the time and trouble which the Ensign must have expended in arranging this splendid lecture for the benefit of his Canadian comrades.

In an early issue we hope to publish some interesting details connected with Ensign and Mrs. Wood's service in South Africa.

WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

THE PIONEER OF PROGRESS

Women of Primitive Days Built the First Homes, Domesticated Man, and Commenced the Era of Agriculture and the Arts



IT HAS been truly said that "Woman is the creator of the home." But it is not generally known that most of the arts and industries with which we are familiar to-day were pioneered by women in the days when the world was young.

The wonders of the earth were made known by degrees as its early denizens gained experience, and it is very evident that while man was the hunter in the forest, woman fashioned the necessary comforts of the dwelling. Man may have discovered the cave, but it was certainly woman who created the home.

Origin of Pottery

Have you ever held a piece of fine pottery in your hand, and admired the beauty of its form and color? The pottery art has been definitely traced to the women of many, many hundreds of years ago. Let us just trace the origin of the first examples of pottery and see how woman commenced this wonderful craft.

Being the bearer of burdens and the fetcher of water, the woman of those early days wanted something in which to carry her belongings. She had already practised a simple method of basketry by weaving twigs into hurdles as a shelter against rain. Then she began to experiment as a weaver of reeds and green flexible twigs which she made into rough receptacles. Then baskets of all kinds appeared—wood, bark, bast, grass, and roots. And here we come to the origin of pottery.

These woven vessels were often made so well as to be water-tight, and used for cooking.

When these baskets showed signs of wear they were plastered with wet clay, and after this had dried hard it was able to withstand the heat of the fire. Having found the use of clay, these pottery-pioneers began to make pots of all shapes, and so commenced a wonderful industry. Pots of rare

color and beauty were made as woman excelled in her art.

From the bark of trees woman produced a fibre with which she was able to make garments.

In every sphere we have ample proof that woman paved the way to civilization.

Long before white man ever landed on American soil, women, although living in almost a state of savagery, were using hemp and cotton for the making of clothes.

In America woman became the pioneer of agriculture long, long ago. She cultivated Indian corn from a common grass plant.

In Africa she grew millet and mealies as she does now. In Asia, she transformed the wild rice, and probably in the fields of Europe and Asia she cultivated wheat.

The fact that woman still remains, amongst most existing savage races to-day, the cultivator and the harvester, is evidence that she has been the food bringer on the earth from time immemorial.

As time went on man utilized many of the arts that woman had discovered, and in many ways was able to improve upon the original methods of labor.

A Great Record

The hoe which the women-folk had used he transformed into a plough and from woman's early method of weaving, man constructed machines to do the work with great speed. Man has been given the credit for much of the progress of civilization, but we must accept the fact that woman has played the leading role in many of the advances and discoveries since the days when mankind first sought to know the secrets of the earth and forest and the open seas.

In philosophy and law woman has a great record even in days now passed into history. Did not Deborah win power and authority over the dis-

(Continued foot of column 4)

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

*A Right to tread so softly
Beside the couch of pain,
To smooth with gentle fingers
The tangled locks again.
To watch beside the dying
In wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating
prayer
When the spirit takes its
flight.*

*A Right to cheer the weary
On the battlefields of life;
To give the word of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burden gently
From the sore and tired heart,
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy cares depart.*

*A Right to be a woman,
In honest woman's work;
If life should be a hard one,
No duties ever shirk;
A Right to show to others
How strong a woman grows,
When skies are dark and
lowering
And life bears not a rose.*

*A Right to love one truly,
And be loved back again,
A Right to share his fortunes,
Through sunlight and through
rain.
A right to be protected
From life's most cruel
slights
By manly love and courage—
Yes, these are women's
Rights.*

—Anon.

THE SOURCE of STRENGTH

Treasures of God Are
Inexhaustible

THIS is an age of games and athletics. It is amazing what rigid self-denial will willingly be exercised in order to keep the body "fit" for what used to be called "manly exercises," but which are now common to both sexes. It is excellent discipline, and, if not carried to extremes, is good in every way.

But too often all thought is given to a healthy and vigorous body, whereas there is not only the mind but the spirit to consider as well. And the last is the most important, and deeply affects the other two.

Even Christians, too, often seem to think that their spiritual life will take care of itself. Thus they are apt to neglect spiritual exercises calculated to strengthen the inner life.

The Christian's source of strength is in the grace of Christ, in that intimate and unbroken communion with Him which is the gift of the Holy Spirit of Truth. How can you keep that communion unbroken? First of all, by striving, in His strength, to walk in His footsteps, to do His will, and to try every day to live the sacrificial life of service.

We reach the fountain-head of grace by prayer. Prayer is the hand of faith which lays hold of the treasures of God in Christ. These are inexhaustible. Prayer is the breath of the spirit. Without prayer your spiritual life dies.

ARMY'S HOME EXHIBIT

Wins Numerous Prizes

THE inmates of The Army's Girls' Home in Ottawa, entered a splendid display in the Ottawa Exhibition this year. Goods were sold at their booth, the splendid sum of \$550 being realized thereby.

Nineteen entries were made in their display, and out of that number they received nine first prizes, four seconds and one third—a splendid record!

Later on the young women entered a display at the local fair in a small nearby village. Here, also, they came off with flying colors, securing ten prizes—five firsts, one special, and four seconds.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Charles Kingsley.

(Continued from column 2)

united Jews in the days of the Judges? Scarcely more than a hundred years after the death of Joshua she ruled over the fierce warlike tribes of the desert. Their religion was of a very warlike kind, and there seemed little place for woman in their social sphere, and yet, in the time of national peril, they turned to this wise woman (who was merely the wife of an obscure husbandman) for guidance and inspiration.

However much we marvel at the inventions of man, and admire his discoveries and skill, let us remember how the women of primitive days built the first homes, domesticated man, and commenced the era of agriculture, and the arts.—H. C. Woodard.

HOME LEAGUE FIXTURES

(FOR NOVEMBER)

Toronto East Division

Bedford Park—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

Danforth — Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Saunders, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

East Toronto—Mrs. Staff-Captain Keith, Thurs., 13th, 2.30

Greenwood — Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore, Thurs., 27th, 8.00

Leaside — Mrs. Staff-Captain Porter, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

Rhodes Avenue — Mrs. Ensign Keith, Tues., 13th, 2.30

Riverdale—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Tues., 25th, 2.30

Todmorden — Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Thurs., 20th, 2.30

Woodbine — Mrs. Major Sparks, Wed., 12th, 2.30

Yorkville — Mrs. Field-Major McRae, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

Toronto West Division

Brock Avenue — Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Wed., 19th, 2.30

Earls Court — Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, Thurs., 13th, 8.00

Fairbank — Mrs. Field-Major Hiscock, Wed., 12th, 2.30

Lisgar Street — Field-Major O'Neil, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

Mount Dennis—Mrs. Field-Major Campbell, Wed., 19th, 2.30

Rowntree—Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Wed., 26th, 2.00

Swansea—Mrs. Adjutant Ashby, Thurs., 13th, 2.30

Temple — Mrs. Brigadier Bloss, Tues., 18th, 8.00

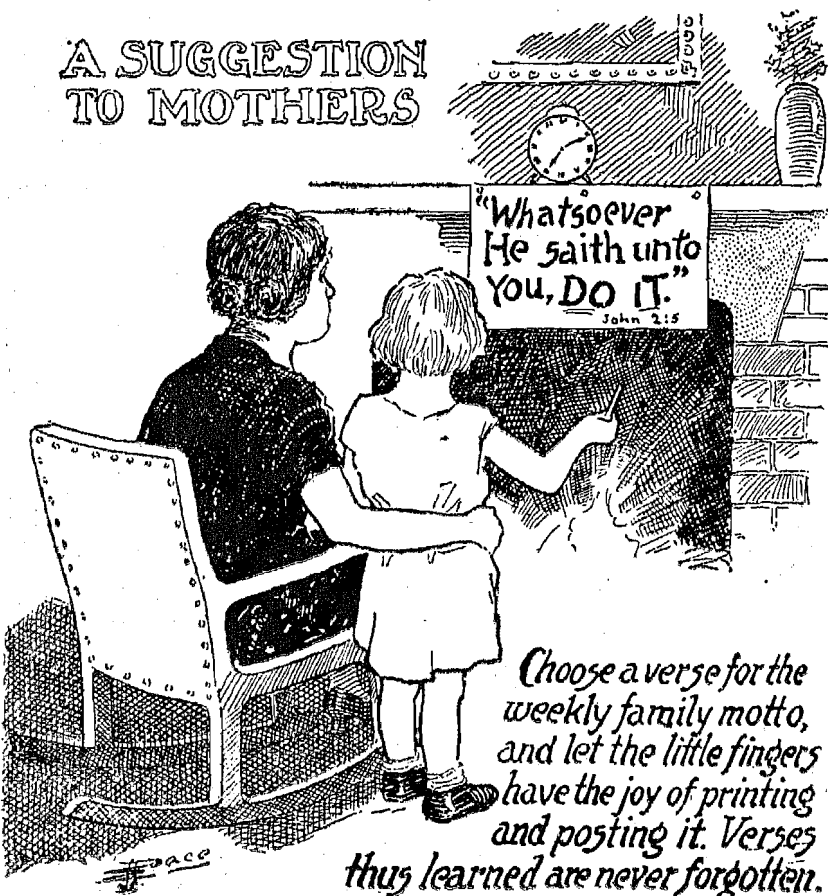
Wychwood—Mrs. Staff-Captain Bunton, Wed., 13th, 2.30

BYNG AVENUE CORPS

Wednesday, November 12th,
3 p.m.

HOME LEAGUE SALE

A SUGGESTION TO MOTHERS



*Choose a verse for the
weekly family motto,
and let the little fingers
have the joy of printing
and posting it. Verses
thus learned are never forgotten.*

CITIES of SUNSHINE and SALVATION!

Why Johannesburg Delighted the GENERAL—The Gold in the Earth, Sky and Human Hearts—Children, Flowers and a High Ideal

By ✧ ARTHUR ✧ E. ✧ COPPING

IN THEIR world travels, the General and Mrs. Higgins are constantly stirred and delighted by places and things they see. But the thrill they received in Johannesburg and Pretoria was of a character destined, I think, to remain a unique experience. As a matter of fact, the Rand insists upon being a special revelation to every visitor, and to The Army Leaders it was a special revelation, touched with spiritual splendor.

In spite of their physical dissimilarity, what a harmonious pair of cities are those two near neighbors! Pretoria is the Administrative capital of the Union, has exquisite vistas and possesses a crescent of Government buildings which, for beauty of design, situation and surroundings, can surely have no superior in the modern world.

Johannesburg has none of those things—but much more. Entirely on its own democratic basis, and enjoying no State distinction, it has become not only the premier city of the Union, but one of the outstanding cities of the world. Only a baby in years, it is already of mature size and strength. Volume of traffic is, of course, nowadays the measure of urban prosperity—in other words, the acid test of a city's greatness is whether you are liable to be run over in its leading thoroughfares. Cross-

that is nothing to the gold that comes down from the sky. The average duration in Winter is nine and a half hours a day, and in Summer just over eight hours a day, while Pretoria glows in much the same way. Of course there are periods of rain and overcast skies. But the wonderful average is maintained because King Sol works long hours while he is at it. Colonel Pugmire sang a contagious song which, hinting at the ups and downs one experiences in this life, mentioned that, while there are shadows in the valley, there is sunshine on the hill. To meet the case

cost, there is sunshine *and* sunshine. In some places it is associated with clammy, tropical conditions, which give you malaria, prickly heat and boils, and place you under an obligation to take daily doses of quinine and wear a helmet (even when you are under canvas) between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. There is nothing of that sort about Johannesburg and Pretoria. They are situated several thousand feet above the level of the sea, and so they enjoy crisp, cool, invigorating air—a state of affairs, by the by, which assists the surrounding country to grow plenty

local institution, and had no existence outside Johannesburg and Pretoria, those two cities could not have thrown themselves more heartily into Congress week. To call at banks and official departments was to overhear clerks talking about the pending meetings, the positions from which they proposed to see the great Army procession, and even (in the case of Salvationists) the banners they would play and the parts allotted to them on the spectacular floats. From the Governor-General to the youngest office boy, everybody was saying nice things about The Army, and going out of his way to see General and Mrs. Higgins. What crowds and what enthusiasm!

With reason, Johannesburg is proud of its City Hall, which seats 3,000. Sunday night's Salvation meeting found it full, even though most people could have heard the General's heart-moving address without leaving home, seeing that the proceedings were broadcast. To witness the performances of children belonging to Army Homes, the City Hall was not only gorged within, but besieged from without by those whose admission was physically impossible.

Europeans and Natives revealed themselves as sharers of a common purpose and ideal. The native procession (headed by the General) and the native meeting (addressed by the General) could not well have been larger or more enthusiastic. And so far as both whites and blacks were concerned, it was fine to see The Army giving such whole-hearted attention to the group of girls and boys who otherwise would be handicapped in life. Stimulated by the great Young People's Demonstration, organized by Staff-Captain Bentley, the General was moved to exclaim, "Yes, what we want is that a new generation shall come along who will love God better than we have done." A beautiful ideal, that, and one which seemed somehow especially appropriate to the sparkling cities of

Johannesburg and Pretoria, where many little birds were singing in the parks, and anemones, snapdragons and pansies figured conspicuously amid the wealth of flowers, and the Thousand Beauties, that rose without a thorn, draped many a garden wall with festoons of sweet-scented blossoms.

Ensign Pontainen, Commanding Officer of Bera Corps, in the Celebes, writes: During May we had 518 more people in the meetings than during the same month last year. There were ten converts and eight seekers for Holiness. The Young People's Work is progressing.



A happy group of young Africans who are each determined to have a finger in the porridge. This cereal is made up so thick that it can be eaten in chunks

ing the road is almost as hazardous an enterprise in Johannesburg as it is in Toronto and Melbourne.

Gold is the key to the situation—gold of two sorts, if not of three. Gold is drawn from the earth, but

of the favored Johannesburgers and Pretorians, he might add a verse declaring there is sunshine on the plateau almost all the time.

Yet, as certain of the visiting Salvationists have discovered to their

of fruit, including a third gift of gold in the bounteous crops of glowing oranges.

With such a liberal endowment of good things, you might picture the people of those two cities as having been pampered into a reliance on material things and into a forgetfulness of God. Instead of which, it was the General's delightful surprise to find that they revel in The Salvation Army, that they have woven it into the fabric of their civic and social life, and that they are eager for their beloved local Salvationists to embrace new openings and opportunities.

If The Army were an exclusively

Say it with Pictures:

Our readers will read with interest the following letter from Ensign Irene Brown, a Canadian Officer now in charge of The Army's Girls' Reformatory School in Nellore, South India:

"You will remember that for the past four years at Christmas time I have requested 'War Cry' and 'Young Soldier' readers to send me handkerchiefs, old picture cards, and ribbons, for little Indian children. I have, as a result of your kindness in printing my requests, received hundreds of such gifts.

"Last month we held our Prize Giving and Sunbeam Inauguration of the school of which I am in charge. I reserved for this occasion the gifts from the Canadian Young People, mostly those from the Guards and Sunbeams who sent gifts to us last year.

"I find that all Indians, old and young, are such dreadful looking things; even you again print the addresses of Canadian Missionary Officers, will you be kind enough to ask our friends who remember us, to send me this year pictures that I may get framed. I will use them as gifts and prizes from time to time. The pictures sold in the bazaars are such dreadful looking things, even the Biblical pictures are not of the kind which convey the right idea to the minds of the young. Personally I would like

Canadian Missionary Officer Passes on a Christmas Idea

to see more of the really nice Biblical pictures in the possession of at least as many folk as possible. Unframed pictures may be sent book post and free of duty.

"I would like to thank once again all who have thought of us. Gifts have come from Salvationists, young and old, and also from those quite outside our ranks, both in the U.S.A. and in Canada, who are readers of the Canada East 'War Cry.' I have been so surprised and happy at the number of folk who are interested in the children of India—Irene Brown, Ensign."

DENMARK'S YOUNG PEOPLE

The Young People's work in Denmark is making splendid advances. A new Young People's String Band has been commissioned at Randers, and a new Life-Saving Guard Troop is shortly to be inaugurated at Svendborg.

The Baggersminde Summer Camp has again done good service in providing holiday facilities for 315 children, in three groups, and fifty-one old women, in two groups.

NIGERIAN POTENTATE GRANTS LAND TO THE ARMY

Among Nigerian potentates who are friends of The Army, the Alake of Abeokuta is conspicuous. In his imposing palace he granted us an interview, in which he began by referring to the preparations on foot for celebrating (from October 18th to 26th) the centenary of Abeokuta. After saying how pleased he had been to make a grant of land to The Army, he referred to The Army's Home for Boys at Yaba, saying he much desired to avail himself of the help of that Institution in dealing with difficult lads of Abeokuta. The Alake added: "I send salutations to the General. I am glad to see his representatives and

wish them success in all their efforts, which I hope will soon include the erection of a new Hall in Abeokuta and an extension of the Yaba Home."

Campinas Corps (Brazil) reports eleven Soldiers and three Recruits added to the Roll in a month. Among the forty "prisoners" captured was a criminal who had served time for killing his sweetheart. He was also a great drunkard. Three of those enrolled were dismissed from their employment by the Roman Catholic Bishop. The Corps Officer has secured work for them with a railway company.



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

To be Ensign:
Captain Julia Scadding, of Windsor Men's Social Department.

To be Captain:
Lieutenant Manly Mason, of the Toronto Industrial Department.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

INTERNATIONAL PARS

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, of South America, had the pleasure, while in Rio de Janeiro, of staying in the house which had sheltered Commissioner Railton, The Army's first overseas Officer, when on his way to the Argentine. She was told how the Commissioner went to interview the President of Brazil. "Mr. President," he said, "we're now going to start in the Argentine, but later on we shall be bombarding Rio itself!" It is said that the President was quite startled, but perhaps he knew The Army after all.

News that all Salvationists are safe and well has been received from Brigadier Lindvall, the Officer in charge of Brazil, whence comes news of war and revolution.

We regret to hear that Commissioner Gifford, Territorial Commander U.S.A. West, has been taken seriously ill. The Chief of the Staff on hearing the news from Commander Evangeline Booth, immediately telegraphed sympathy to the Commander and to the Commissioner.

A Home for Working Women in Berlin was opened by Commissioner Friedrich on the eighty-third birthday of the German President. The President, in acknowledging The Army's congratulations, gave permission for the Home to be named the "Gertrud von Hindenburg Home," in memory of his wife.

Lt.-Colonel Gordon Simpson, the recently-appointed Territorial Commander for Latvia and Estonia, has been granted an interview with the President of the Latvian Republic, who showed himself to be most cordially interested in The Army's activities in that country.

WESTMINSTER CENTRAL HALL

THE GENERAL to Lead Important Gathering

A public gathering of unusual interest is being arranged for Friday evening, November 21st, in the Westminster Central Hall, at 7 o'clock.

The General will conduct, and will be supported by Mrs. Higgins, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp, Commander Evangeline Booth, and the Commissioners of The Salvation Army.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' HOMES

Application for admission to The Army's Boys' Home, London, and the Girls' Home, Toronto, can now be considered. These Homes are for orphans, boys and girls, and for those in necessitous circumstances. Application should be made for boys to Lt.-Colonel E. Sims, and for girls to Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

BACK FROM SOUTH AFRICAN TRIUMPHS

The General and Mrs. Higgins

Heartily and Affectionately Greeted on Arrival in London

THE General's bronzed and beaming features contrasted happily with recollections of week-end gales in the English Channel as on Monday morning he mounted the platform at Waterloo Station and acknowledged the cheers of crowds of Salvationists and others who gathered to meet him and Mrs. Higgins on their return from South Africa. The noise of the boat train's arrival was drowned by the sonorous chorus of eighty Headquarters' instrumentalists playing the Doxology in expression of The Army's thanks to God for His blessing upon the great South African Campaign.

When the cheering died away, the General's hearty voice was heard above the station's clamor, exclaiming, "It is good to be home. I am glad to see you all and to tell you of my great admiration for your comrades in South Africa. The Army out there is a living force, respected by all, and pressing on its work of win-

ning people to God. We have been delighted to see it, and now we are delighted to see your faces again.

"You have done well; the Chief has done well. I praise God for you all. Keep believing. We shall see Jesus victorious. Some people think His victory is a long time coming; but it is certain if we believe and fight to win the world for Him."

Most of the International Commissioners were present, and after Commissioner McKenzie, of Australia South, had prayed, voicing The Army's gratitude and beseeching the Divine blessing upon the future, the General and Mrs. Higgins individually greeted these Leaders from all parts of the world.

Commissioner Blowers, Colonel Pugmire, and Major Taylor, each looking fit, shared in the happy greetings, and with more music, the crowds of Salvationists and onlookers dispersed to take up the day's business.

TORONTO'S TWENTY-FIFTH SALVATION CENTRE

THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

Officiates at Opening of Handsome Citadel for the New Leaside Corps

TORONTO'S youngest Corps, which, incidentally, is the Queen City's twenty-fifth Corps, is no longer homeless; the comrades have graduated from the street to a handsome red-brick edifice on Bayview Avenue.

The Commissioner officiated at this joyous occasion, which makes about the 570th Citadel opened by him in the past thirty-five years.

Respectable Leaside was not wholly unprepared for this opening event which took place on Wednesday, October 29th. For a period following the inception of the Corps in July last, Captain Margaret Campbell and Lieutenant Silver worshipped in a large marquee. Wind and weather, and other causes, did not deal gently with the canvas temple and thereafter the faithful handful found conditions to be more hospitable in the open-air. Of course, the forthcoming new Citadel was often the topic of announcement and conversation, so that the imagination and expectation of the residents had been aroused to an unusual extent. In the last few weeks these sensations have crystallized into realization as Brother Ham, of Dovercourt, the contractor, and his

men have wrought in the construction of the Citadel.

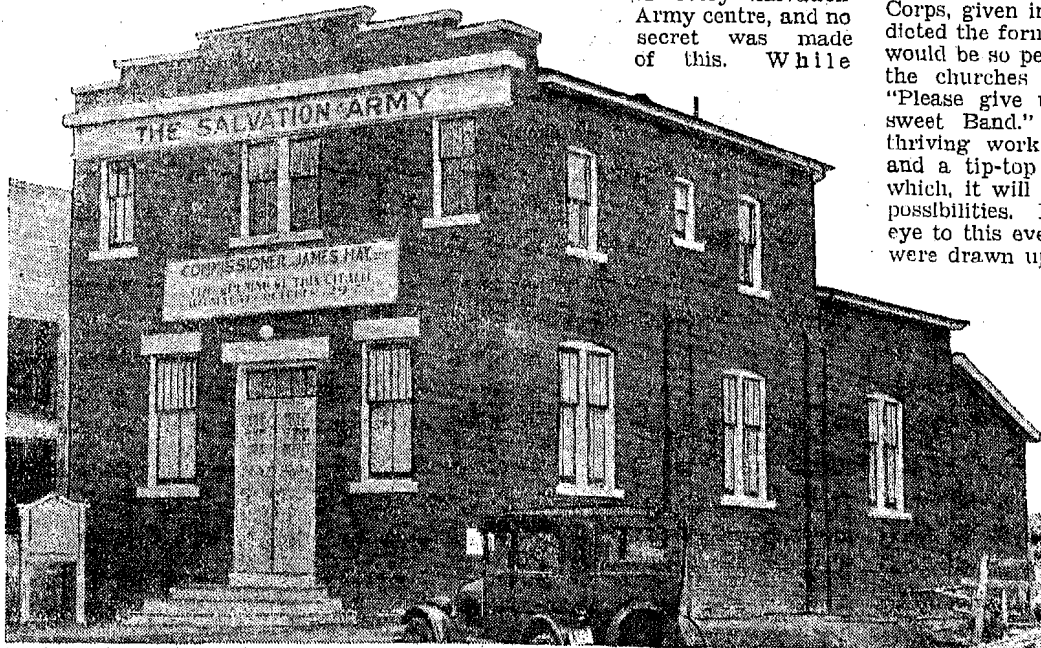
Lads on bicycles, a brigade of marching women - Cadets, laden motor-cars, all converged upon the spick and span Leaside Citadel, on the night in question.

A few choice, hopeful words from our Leader; prayer by the Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel McAmmond; reading of the corner-stone inscription by Brigadier Calvert, and then, in we trooped to the delightful coziness and cleanliness of the Hall.

We had scarcely time to settle ourselves and take stock of our surroundings before the meeting was in full swing.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay was called upon to offer a dedicatory prayer. Earnest thought, many prayers and much anxiety, she said, had been expended on this venture. How truly she spoke! Then, with tender impressiveness, she added: "May someone, who, perhaps has left the path of virtue be brought back, through the leadings of Thy servants." And the Commissioner prayed in like vein: "May this Corps be as a light in a dark place."

That, of course, is the exalted ideal of every Salvation Army centre, and no secret was made of this. While



The newly-opened Citadel at Leaside, which now houses Toronto's twenty-fifth Corps

OBSTACLE OVERCOMERS

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

Brings Encouragement to Lansing Home Leaguers

THE keen anticipation of the women of the Lansing Home League was realized on Tuesday, October 21st, when they were visited by Mrs. Commissioner Hay, accompanied by Mrs. Colonel Henry and Mrs. Adjutant Green.

The occasion was certainly unique, inasmuch as this was the first visit of a Territorial Commander's wife since the inception of the local branch some years ago. The comrades were all the more appreciative when it was remembered that although one of the smaller Leagues, yet Mrs. Hay displayed such interest in them.

Following the singing of "What a friend we have in Jesus," Mrs. Adjutant Green prayed, raising the note of thankfulness to God, for all the League represented and had accomplished.

Mrs. Colonel Henry offered well-chosen words of welcome to Mrs. Hay, on behalf of those present, and they received hearty endorsement, in real Army fashion.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay, at this point of the service, dedicated the infant daughter, Doreen, of Brother and Sister W. Bennett. A lasting impression was made by the presentation. Mrs. Hay then outlined some of the blessings that follow obedience to the Lord. The practical counsel conveyed a wealth of inspiration and blessing.

Lansing Home League has overcome many obstacles owing to the fact that there have been no other Senior meetings or activities, but in spite of their uphill struggle there ariseth light in the darkness, for Captain Lynch and Lieutenant Cooke, the Richmond Hill Officers, who are also responsible for Lansing, have arranged a series of Sunday meetings.

It can rightly be said that The Army women of Lansing will be the richer for the visit of Mrs. Commissioner Hay.

still in the attitude of prayer our Leader read the Beatitudes. He then made a ringing declaration—outlining what he expects to be the charter of the Leaside Salvationists:

"The work in this neighborhood," he said, "will be for the reclamation of the sinner, the assisting of little children, and cheering and encouraging the wanderer."

"Let those who will take some wider range of teaching. We want to centre on the old-fashioned Gospel; on the Holy Ghost outpoured upon us. What is needed in Canada more than aught else is a great wave of religious conviction—a deep sense of sin."

The Commissioner could not resist indulging in a forecast of the Leaside Corps, given in lighter vein. He predicted the formation of a Band which would be so perfect and pleasing that the churches would be requesting: "Please give us a visit from your sweet Band." He visioned, too, a thriving work among the children; and a tip-top Guard Troop, all of which, it will be agreed, are not impossibilities. Indeed, it was with an eye to this eventuality that the plans were drawn up and when the time is ripe the building may be enlarged to the desired proportions.

That there is a place for The Army here was proved by the Commissioner's statement that no fewer than 150 houses have been erected in a year within six minutes' walk of the Citadel. "Fire a Volley! Shout 'Amen!'" was the rousing admonition in song, brought

(Con. on page 9)

HOLY DISSATISFACTION!

"The Salvationist is in a Constant State of Puzzlement as to how he can do better for God and Others"—Read this Article on—"THE SPIRIT OF ATTACK"

By THE COMMISSIONER

WE HAVE already considered the general appeal for the "Regions Beyond" Campaign. We have also looked at some of the obligations upon us that we should prepare the way of the Lord. Now let me say something of "The Spirit of Attack."

Someone has asked me do I consider The Salvation Army in Canada attacks evil, unbelief, spiritual lethargy and ungodliness as it ought to do. Well, I am young in Canada to say very much on that point, but I will say that The Army Officer, indeed the Salvationist everywhere, stands for a kind of Dissatisfaction. Correctly viewed, he is probably the most dissatisfied man in Christendom. Paradoxically, he is the happiest and most delightful personality, full of holy sweetness and Salvation content. This for the joys of his own Salvation and the delights of Christ's service, the other for the unrest he has and the sorrow he feels that all is not going as God wishes; indeed, he is in a constant state of puzzlement as to how he can do better for God and others, and how he can alter the rebellion so manifest in the lives of men, and so palpably and forcefully shown in every section of society.

The Great Goad

Rivers of water run down the faithful Salvationist's face because the people keep not God's law. Distress upon distress overwhelms his spirit, disturbs his otherwise composed temper, and, to a great extent, mars his joy. Is it not this which, in a great measure, goads him to attack sin, and to accept the challenge with which evil boasts that it can never be displaced and that selfishness and wickedness will always triumph?

The Charter of Christianity is indeed a fighting one—not a scheme of dreams and devotions, or merely a system of worship and reflection. For when we have done all in the glories of worship, what true servant of Christ, or, shall I put it, what loyal and wakeful Salvationist can be satisfied all is done that ought to be done, or even that all is going as it should?

Prepare! Arm!

It is because I feel that even now forces may be gathering in Hell, and auxiliaries rounding up to the Satanic call, to hinder even further the progress of Salvation and the conquest of the people for God, that I urge my own heart, and the hearts of my comrades, to go out to fight, and to fight better, more skilfully, and more desperately than ever.

It has often seemed to me that either we or the servants of sin will meet with paralysis at the confident advance of the other. Which shall it be?

In an Army composed of so many temperaments, and drawn from so many walks in life, it is not a matter for serious wonder that some of our people do not take kindly to attacking, campaigning and sustained and systematic efforts against the Devil and his works. But how far is it safe for The Army—to say nothing of how far it is safe for souls—that any of us should yield to temperamental taste for the "pastoral" and churchy style, while failing, or largely failing, to give the nec-

essary lead to the likely spiritual heroisms of those comrades who, mostly won to Christ by some other warm Salvationist, would doubtless do valiant bombarding of sin if only he was shown the way?

Attack to Increase

The Army commenced by Attack.

Our very life-blood was secured as the fruits of attack, rather than by the joining up of those who were already won for God. And the same principle holds good to-day—that is, if we are content, or partially content, with the comrades we have, and we cease to agonize and fight for new gains, we will assuredly soon be a diminished and weakened company, and our sorrow will be proportionate.

We see the state of the people, and it justifies our attack.

In our case the Lord has "opened the eyes of the young man" to know that the people are in a sad spiritual plight. Pulpit education (so called) is higher than ever before, and, as a rule, proportionately fewer are drawn to listen. Why should we imitate pulpit talkiness? What does it produce? The pictures, the great mass of which are fleshly, sordid, demoralizing, and of the world, if not markedly in every case of the Devil, have succeeded, to an appalling extent, in usurping the place of the aforesaid moral guides in the form of godly parents and other restraining forces.

Look at These Evils

Gambling is declared by competent authorities to be growing. Scepticism and practical unbelief abound. Feeble-hearted sinners are taking courage from the even more feeble Christian teachers and workers around them, and make some mock of their fruitless harvests. Surely these are the days for boldness in attack.

The apathy of the people everywhere has struck me. Can it be possible that sinners going headlong into evil are not made to fear, or at any rate to hesitate, by the zeal and soul-hunting of our comrades?

Worldliness is very confident. Was the "Prince of this World" ever more qualified than he is now? On every hand we see signs of his advances—the ball-rooms, the gambling and drinking dens, the dreadful thirst for gaiety, the mad resolve to drown the claims of the soul in the stupefying whirl of pleasure. Who is altering it? Only the daring and venturesome spiritual reformer who goes for their souls.

Wisdom

Revival is needed. No one rejoices more than I at what we have, and I confidently, and humbly, believe we have much more than most religious organizations. Still, look at the revival now going on.

May I insist that there is the soundest wisdom in attacking with intent to gain?

This is the truest evidence of Pentecostal Religion.

There is evidence that some of our people definitely plan to deal with sin and insist on God's method of cure. They show this—

- (a) By the nature of their personal work for sinners.
- (b) By singling out individual sinners and "attacking" them, both by loving entreaty and by courageous exposure of their true condition.
- (c) By subordinating everything to converting work.

"Nothing Venture, Nothing Win"

The failure to attack is very often seen in unwillingness to take risks, to help Outposts, to run special Halls, to venture into "regions beyond;" indeed, the usual routine is preferred. But the failure to attack produces, in due course, a spirit of fear in ourselves and in others, as well as a curious amazement, on the part of sinners and worldly people, who, having seen something, somewhere, of our "true nature and calling," have been half wondering when we would "go forth to slay."

I think, however, the failure to attack is often due to—

- (a) An over-estimate of the enemy.
- (b) A practical unbelief in the souls around us, who, we wrongly suppose, will shy at extra work.
- (c) A dishonoring of Christ, in that we produce "services" in which Christ is more or less glorified, while failing to get Him greater honor by going to win the thousands of unregenerate and rebellious outside our Hall doors.

Young People

Advancing as they are, a high aim is before us in this Campaign. Surely it is possible greatly to increase the attendance on Sunday afternoon, and are there not signs of a record year in the transferring of fine young blood from the Young People's Corps to the Senior Corps?

Let us whole-heartedly join the Attacking Party. Do not wait for better conditions. Begin now, and even if the way be not plain, and you think nothing great can be immediately done—

Make straight the crooked, smooth the rugged ground;

Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad, And through the desert make a highway for our God.

It is too sad to contemplate Salvationists as being generally regarded as those who are inactive until some special invasion of evil enters our Corps, weakening our hold on our people and unsettling our young folk, with the Devil sitting astride our spiritual domain defying us! This must never be! But we have our perils in this direction.

By the memory, then, of Pentecost, by authority of the compelling word: "Go and disciple all nations," by the hunger of thousands of Salvationists ready for spiritual exploit, let us make 1931 a year of Invasion and Expansion, taking the position of the aggressor rather than waiting to how the Devil is going to treat us.

The prizes to be won by spiritual advance are for the daring and venturesome. It has ever been so!

TORONTO'S TWENTY-FIFTH SALVATION CENTRE

(Continued from page 8)

Captain Campbell, the Commanding Officer, declared that she and the Lieutenant considered it a privilege to be the first Officers to be stationed at Leaside.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy sang soulfully "I am happy in Him."

Among the prominent friends which The Army has already made in the district is Mr. Burnett, of the local branch of the Bank of Commerce. Mr. Burnett, in voicing the sentiments of the business men, believed the community would be benefited by The Army's presence within its borders and wished them "unbounded success."

A second warm friend was the Rev. Mr. Clugston, of the Manor Road United Church, who described his church as The Army's nearest neighbor. He represented the ecclesiastical element and did so to good purpose.

He had just completed a canvass, he said, of his district and found there were many Salvationists and ex-Salvationists residing there. This material he gladly offered to the Corps Officer for visitation and probable linking-up of Soldiers for the Corps. He also offered to give a lecture to help the Corps financially.

Mr. Clugston related a gripping story of an incident which occurred in this district and in which a devoted Salvation Army woman figured.

The kind expressions of our brother in Christ were deeply appreciated.

Mr. Henderson, a member of the Leaside Council, referred to this new Citadel as "another symbol of your great work" which is seen beyond civilized borders, and which is in evidence wherever there is need. This prompted our Leader to say something of what he has actually observ-

ed in the twenty-two countries he has visited.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay whimsically extended a welcome to the Leaside Corps, which she had a perfect right to do, in view of the fact that she lives in this district.

The Corps had not been long in existence, Mrs. Colonel Henry said, were a Home League had been formed. This useful branch is now in full swing, under the direction of Mrs. Staff-Captain Porter; comrades have opened their homes for the meetings to be held and prospects are bright for a thriving League.

Word has come to hand of the passing of Commandant W. Beattie, who had been in charge of our Men's Social operations in Victoria, B.C. This comrade, who was an old Canada East Officer, having come out from Hamilton I, was promoted to Glory on Monday, October 27th. Our prayers and sympathy are with the bereaved.

by the Danforth Songsters, under Acting-Leader Stitt.

The Riverdale Band (Bandmaster J. Wood) also provided two numbers, and the leader is deserving of our thanks for the finely-subdued playing of his men.

Colonel Henry then put the practical generosity of the audience to the test, and a ten-dollar bill was soon forthcoming; it was followed by other substantial donations until about one hundred dollars in cash and promises had been given. The mother of the Captain in charge of the Corps, was among the grateful donors; the "Trail-blazers," whose identity was not disclosed, clubbed together and gave a sum, and the brigade of Cadets who are attached sent a note signifying their desire to give willingly of their service. The Band and Songster Brigade volunteered to give festivals to aid the Corps. Truly, as the poet has so aptly expressed it: "Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."



A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

Our Musical Fraternity

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD CHORUS SINGING

An Article from "The Etude"

ASIDE from interpretation and all that goes with it, the technical points given below are essential to good chorus singing:

1. Clean-cut attacks and releases, that is, all voices within a part should start and stop at precisely the same time, and this at a sign from the conductor. All attacks should be sung with confidence, but should not sound brittle.
2. No yelling, shouting or screaming. Singing should never be louder than lovely.
3. No scooping or sliding from low to high tones, or vice versa. This should apply not only to large intervals, but also under every condition.
4. Legato singing; that is, linking the tones together, but not with the "toboggan" or "trombone" effect mentioned in 3.
5. Watching the conductor at all times. There must be unity of aim.
6. All syllables and words naturally accented; each vowel distinctly sounded; no consonant slighted.
7. Correct pronunciation of all words, every singer pronouncing each word in the same manner.
8. An effect as of four big voices singing. No individual voice should stand out; neither should one section

be more prominent than another, unless it be the soprano section, or anyone carrying the characteristic melody.

9. Soft singing. A good chorus of several hundred voices should be able to sing so softly (if the interpretation of the music calls for it) that an eight-day clock may be heard above the singing and at the same time every word be distinctly understood.

10. Complete familiarity with the text and music.

11. Shading. All singing should have pulse—equivalent to a heart-throb—and not be stiff; should be resilient; should have flow and ebb, light and shade.

12. All singers should breathe at the same place, and these breathing places should not be at any point where one would not breathe in conversation. They should be largely governed by the punctuation marks of the text, with due regard for musical phrasing.

13. Expression. Every Brigade should sing with spontaneity (as though it wants to sing); with confidence and dignity (but not with haughtiness and coldness); with the spirit of helpfulness (not one singer trying to out-sing the other); with enthusiasm, but with restraint; with devoutness, and with respect to the composer, the conductor and the accompanist.

14. Final aims; discipline and harmony.

This article was read by Songster Frances Dixon, of Danforth, at a recent practice, a ten-minute interlude being devoted by this Brigade to helpful talks or readings such as the above. The idea is a splendid one, and we recommend it to other Brigades.

A GOOD START

To the "Monthly Musical" Series at Earls Court

The large congregation that gathered for the first of this Winter series of Sunday afternoon musical services, evidenced the fact that these are again going to prove popular events.

A splendid program was rendered. Band items included the march, "Army Heroes," and the selection, "Jubilation," the Band doing well in both these pieces under the baton of Major F. Beer.

The Songsters sang the Chorus—"The Heavens are Telling," and deserve great praise for the splendid rendition. A cornet trio, composed by Bandsman W. Campbell, and a xylophone solo by Bandsman A. Austin, were acceptable items.

Staff-Captain T. Mundy piloted the service, and its success was in no small measure due to his leading. His closing talk on the ministry of music was of a most helpful and inspiring character.

The Staff-Captain and his wife also sang very feelingly.

Brigadier J. Imrie, of London, was an interested listener, and spoke in high praise of the Earls Court musical forces.

MUSICAL TERMS

In Recent Journals

Dolce con gusto, sweet with taste. *Andante con grazia*, slow with flowing grace.

Andante con affetto, slow, with much pathos.

Mestoso con fiducia, broad, with confidence.

"SPLENDID SERVICE"

During Chatham Band's Visit to Windsor III

SARNIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)—The Chatham Songsters conducted a very successful week-end, great crowds being present all day. After being welcomed on Saturday by Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, a supper was given by the local comrades. A rousing march to the City Square, headed by the Corps Band, was followed by a short service. A splendid program was given in the City Hall, Mr. Wesley Carter being the chairman.

The final engagement on Sunday at the Imperial Theatre, was a community service of song. The ministers of various churches and members of Service Clubs were present, also the leading citizens. Nine hundred people attended, making a total of 1,450 indoor attendance for the day. The Rev. Mr. Raymer very ably piloted the proceedings on Sunday night. Commandant Raymer took part in all the engagements.

SALVATION SINGING

SUCCEEDS

Earls Court Songster Brigade Does Well in a Varied Program Given at the Lippincott Corps

In striking contrast with the dreary conditions obtaining exteriorly—it was raining inexorably in Toronto that night—the atmosphere in the Lippincott Citadel on Monday evening, October 27th, was bright and enjoyable. The numerous assembly which had braved the elements, felt amply repaid, for the fare provided by the Earls Court Songster Brigade was of the best possible order.

Lt. Colonel Saunders presided, adding an additional charm to the proceedings by reason of his manipulation of the various events. And they were varied, indeed. Songster Festivals are in danger of palling upon audiences accustomed to the strident cries of Brass Band productions, but Songster-Leader Boys is an old hand at this business, combining, also, knowledge of vocal and instrumental appeals, so the presentations offered to the delectation of the gathering were savored by appetising differentiation.

A rousing song, the one and only congregational effort, preceded the pulsing vocal march, "Flowing River." The Brigade will, doubtless, considerably increase the tempo of this number when the tremendous activity called for in word production shall have been achieved—with clarity. Meanwhile more attention is given to the explicit and pleasing expression of phrases than to acquiring speed. This will come.

There were five vocal selections, ranging over such a diversity of idea and rendition as "I will lift up mine eyes," "Break forth into joy," "The Heavens are telling," "The Call of Calvary," and "Jesus of Nazareth." In this connection a particularly emphasized word of praise is due to the Brigade for the courageous and effective manner in which it tackled the third item. For a first-time presentation by this Brigade, "The Heavens are telling," was remarkably impressive, even uplifting. The clamor of choir on choir, jubilating in the glory of God, pealing praise against praise, as do all the amazing works of the Creator Divine, left us with the desire that we might hear their triumphant contrapuntals in six months' time, when the Brigade shall have worn away the very last vestige of new nervousness and every part

(Continued on page 12)

SINGING DRAWS CROWDS

Chatham Brigade Visits Sarnia

WINDSOR III (Ensign and Mrs. K. MacGillivray)—A recent visit, paid by Commandant Raymer and the Chatham Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Dunkley, proved of much blessing and help to our Corps. An excellent crowd gathered in the Wyandotte School for a program of music and song on the Saturday evening. Sunday morning found our own Hall packed, and a blessed time was experienced in the Holiness meeting. The afternoon gathering and the Salvation meeting at night, held in the Wyandotte School, were times long to be remembered, and many people were attracted and influenced as a result.

Our best thanks are due to Commandant Raymer for his leadership and messages throughout the week-end, and to Bandmaster Dunkley and the Bandsmen for the splendid service rendered.

THE MUSIC EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Review of its History, Work, and Scope of Influence

By the Editor of "The Bandsman and Songster"

(Continued from last week)

THIS series has, among other things, afforded "B. & S." readers an opportunity to know more intimately the "musical folk at the top," as some one recently designated the members of the Music Editorial Department. This is, of course, all to the good.

This week there comes into our line of vision and notice one of The Army's youngest and most versatile composers, who has been attached to the Music Editorial Department for a matter of ten years—joining it shortly after leaving school, on June 29, 1920. We refer to Captain Eric Ball.

During this period most, if not all, of his published Band pieces and songs have been written. Although, before entering the Department, he had written a few pieces—to use his own words—"of a very slight nature, more like exercises, and these, very fortunately, have been lost, and cannot be brought as evidence against me!"

From early boyhood "E. B." has been associated with The Army's musical activities. When quite a "nipper" he might have been found doing duty in the Ealing Young People's Band, first on cornet and then on trombone; later, at Brith, where he was a Bandsman and the Deputy-Bandmaster. Later still he played in the Clapham Band, and Southall I Band, of which latter combination he had the leadership for a time. For a while he was Instructor of the Upper Norwood Band, and is

at present in charge of the Publishing and Supplies Band. For all this he says, "I never claim to have been much of a hand as a brass instrumentalist." This note of modesty is characteristic of Captain Ball, who leaves it to others to speak of his capabilities. Would that there were more like him!

Now Eric has been fortunate in one or two ways. His first advantage was the possession of Salvationist parents, both of whom sacrificed considerably—from a financial standpoint—to enable their son to get good musical tuition.

"Both my mother and father," says Eric, "had a keen appreciative sense of music; and the father jocularly recalls the fact that many years ago he served for a time as a church organ blower!"

As a boy "E. B." studied the organ and piano under two church organists, from whom he derived his first knowledge of harmony and counterpoint. And at the time of his leaving school he was afforded an opportunity of gaining experience in musical work in outside circles. During this period he gave organ and piano recitals.

One amusing memory might be recalled. He hired a village hall to give a pianoforte recital, and he had the thrill of seeing the country "society" turning up in their motors and traps to hear the boy musician. The most vividly remembered point about this episode, however, was the fact that after paying expenses there was a clear profit of ten shillings—all for himself!

Eric has also been fortunate in having met in his youth a number of musicians of note, from whom he received much help. One in particular was a Belgian military officer, whom he met during the War—a man with an excellent musical education, who showed great interest in him and in

(Continued on page 12)

A GREAT MASTERS' NIGHT
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, 1930

In the TORONTO TEMPLE
Earls Court Songster Brigade,
Dovercourt and Toronto

Temple Bands
Dr. Donald C. MacGregor will preside
Admission by Program, 25 Cents

FERVENT PRAYER AVAILETH MUCH

Thousands of Souls have been Swept into the Kingdom of God in Direct Answer to the Persistent Prayers of Faithful Salvationists

TWENTY-SIX ARE SAVED

Home League Booming

VERDUN (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier)—Decision Day at Verdun saw twenty-six seekers at the Mercy-seat, twenty-one being young people and five adults. In the Company meeting fifteen precious young lives were given to God. So blessed was the influence of the meeting that it continued on into the afternoon senior Praise meeting. Again, at the Young People's Salvation meeting, six more came forward.

The Corps, in all its branches, is going forward. Especially is this true of the Home League, at whose meetings an attendance of thirty-two is often noticed.—A.M.

TAKING BROTHER'S PLACE

Three Prisoners

RIVERDALE (Adjutant and Mrs. Falle)—On a recent Sunday night we had three seekers, including a man and his wife. It was their first visit to the Corps. An elderly man also sought Salvation, and all three testified before the service closed. The Hall was crowded, extra chairs having to be pressed into service.

Several new Corps Cadets have been secured. One Bandsman has taken the place of his brother, who has entered the Training Garrison, in the Brigade, and is also looking after his "War Cry" customers.

EIGHT CAPTURES

KITCHENER (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)—This week-end has been a glorious one to our souls. Adjutant Chapman gave a series of special talks, and we were greatly blessed. On Sunday night a good crowd was present and a fine spirit prevailed. The Band and Songsters gave great assistance.

In the Prayer-meeting, led by Adjutant Chapman, Corps Sergeant-Major Tillesley and Band-Sergeant A. King, we were rewarded by seeing eight seekers at the Cross.

The comrades rallied well for all the meetings and threw themselves wholeheartedly into the Prayer-meeting at night, which had such blessed results.—G. Nelson.

BREEZY BRIEFS

WELLAND (Captain and Mrs. Zarfas)—Last Sunday night Sister Mrs. Oakes brought her little son, Stanley, for dedication. The ceremony was conducted by the Captain, who spoke of our duties to God and to the little ones entrusted to us. All meetings are being well attended.—P.C.

ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White)—Last Sunday night many new friends were present; some had never attended an Army meeting before. Mrs. White spoke, and Band and Songsters rendered good service. The Band is increasing in numbers.—W. Wisheart.

DUNNVILLE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Carr)—On a recent Monday the comrades and friends of The Army held a shower of furnishings for the Officers' Quarters. Many useful articles were donated.—John Harris.

PARRY SOUND (Lieutenants Dockeray and Munro)—After a day of fighting for God we rejoiced when one comrade fully surrendered. The operation of the Holy Spirit is evident in our midst.

LEAMINGTON (Adjutant Johnson, Adjutant Thornton)—On Friday evening the re-opening of our Home League was held with a splendid attendance. Adjutants Johnson and Thornton gave messages of encouragement to all.—H.L.S.

GALT (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)—In the Sunday morning meeting a brother came forward. He felt that he could not give his testimony, but he got the victory and made a public consecration. At night one seeker asked for prayer.—D.D.

A POWER THAT CHANGES THINGS!

Seven Find God in Answer to Prayers

LONDON II (Ensign and Mrs. MacMillan)—We have been experiencing some truly blessed times. The attendances are increasing in every branch of the Corps, and, praise God, we are growing spiritually.

On Sunday morning last we had with us Lt.-Colonel Sims, assisted by Major and Mrs. Best, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Ensign

Brewer, Captain Geiger, and Lieutenant Laing.

The Colonel's messages touched and inspired every heart, and much blessing was received.

At night Major and Mrs. Best were in charge. We rejoiced to see seven seekers at the Mercy-seat. We have indeed proved that "prayer changes things!"

LT.-COMMISSIONER

AND MRS. HOE

Lead Helpful Campaigns

WEST TORONTO (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—A five days' Campaign, conducted by Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe at West Toronto, has left a lasting impression upon many minds, and brought cheer and strength to many hearts. God and His wonderful saving grace was kept well to the front in every meeting, and the rich and varied experiences of both the Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe were drawn upon, not only to the delight of many listeners, but also to the spiritual uplift and enlightenment of as many more.

Altar fires, which have burned none too brightly in recent times, were re-kindled and the results will be evidenced in joyful service for God and souls. The whole Corps is deeply grateful for the helpful Campaign, and prayers and good wishes will follow these splendid Army veterans.

PRAYING FOR PRISONER

FREDERICTON (Commandant and Mrs. Graves)—Open-air services are being held on Sunday afternoons in front of the jail. The report from those in charge is that the prisoners are being helped by the message of Salvation. We are particularly anxious for the Salvation of one young woman, aged 18 years, who is charged with murder.—A.M.B.

MUCH IN FEW LINES

CORNWALL (Commandant and Mrs. Wells)—We recently had Staff-Captain Ursaki with us. His pleas for the children and their welfare were very earnest. On Sunday morning in the Holiness meeting, the daughter of Songster-Leader and Mrs. Holden was dedicated to God.

In the afternoon the House of Refuge was visited by the comrades. A rousing Salvation meeting concluded the day, and one man sought Salvation.—E. Holden.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

LONDON I (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)—Lt.-Colonel Sims was with us on Sunday afternoon. At night Adjutant Mrs. Squarebriggs gave her farewell address. One seeker knelt at the Mercy-seat.

On Monday evening the League of Mercy gave a farewell tea to Mrs. Squarebriggs. The Young People's meeting was very well attended despite the rain.—L.E.McC.

ARMY MUSIC WINS COMMENDATION

MONTREAL CITADEL (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt)—The Home League have commenced their weekly meetings once more, and the Leaguers are hard at work preparing for their sale of work which is to take place some time in December.

Interest in the Young People's Band has been increased with the appointment of a new leader, Bandsman Cecil Hatton. Already his influence has been made manifest, for after a period of only three weeks practice, the lads were able to go out and as-

sist in a separate Open-air service with the Young People's workers and Corps Soldiers.

The Songster Brigade, under Songster-Leader Alex. McMillan, is also doing extra service. For several Sunday mornings now the singing of this efficient aggregation has lent additional zest to the Holiness gatherings. Last Sunday morning we had another impressive Dedication service, conducted by Major Hollande. The daughter of Brother and Sister George Fisher, Jr., was given to God.

At the night service we had the pleasure of having with us as a passing guest, Brigadier Imrie from International Headquarters. His words and singing were greatly appreciated. Three seekers came to the Mercy-seat.

On Monday night many people were unable to gain admission to the first musical Festival given by the Band this season. As chairman and guest conductor for this occasion, we were honored to have Bandmaster J. Gagnier of the Canadian Grenadier Guards with us. Many novel items were given by the Band, under the direction of Bandmaster Audoire, which drew forth unstinted praise from our distinguished chairman. The Male Voice Party of the Band, under the leadership of Deputy-Bandmaster Tatchell, proved as popular as ever with its vocal diversion.

During the evening Bandmaster Gagnier spoke very highly of the music used by The Army. Especially was he interested in Staff-Captain Coles' Selection, "Precious Thoughts."

The vote of thanks by Treasurer Douglas, on behalf of the Corps, seconded by Bandmaster Audoire, brought an enjoyable evening to a close.—F. J. Knights.

BEDFORD PARK (Ensign Russell, Lieutenant Gaylard)—On a recent Sunday Envoy Pilcher conducted the meetings. On last Sunday the Open-air services were very inspiring.—P.D.

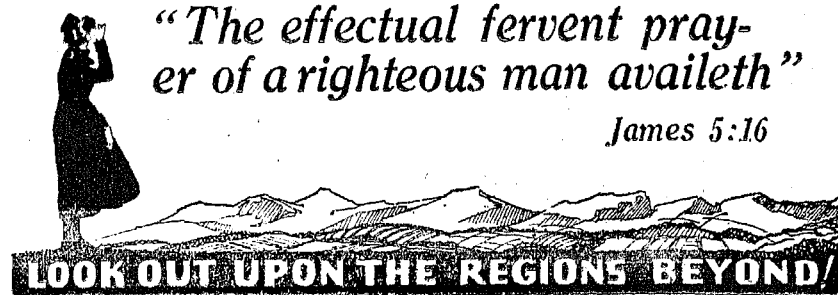
WE ARE SOUNDING A CALL!

*This is the Period of Prayer
and Preparation for the
"Regions Beyond" Campaign*

REMEMBER—

*"The effectual fervent prayer
of a righteous man availeth"*

James 5:16



To Better Serbe

**CAPTAINS CHARLES LYNCH
AND MAUD SNOW
United at Sydney Mines**

Sydney Mines Citadel was the scene of a very happy event recently when Captain Maud Snow was united in marriage to Captain Charles Lynch. The spacious Citadel was packed to capacity, with many more eagerly peering through windows and doorways to witness the proceedings.

Brigadier Bristow opened the service with a rousing Salvation song, accompanied by the local Band, and Mrs. Commandant Woolcott evoked God's blessing upon the young couple. The bridal party entered to the strains of the Wedding March, played by Mrs. Woolcott. Following the ceremony Treasurer Snow, father of the bride, also Envoy Cameron from Glace Bay, spoke congratulatory words. Ensign Beaumont supported the bride, and Captain Pedlar acted as best man. Both of these Officers expressed their admiration for the bride and groom, and wished them every success in their united efforts.

A large number of invited guests were served a dainty buffet lunch, arranged by the young people of the Corps.

HAMILTON COMRADES JOIN HANDS

There was a festive air abroad in the Hamilton II Citadel just recently, when two of the comrades joined hands and hearts in holy matrimony. The young couple were Secretary Arie Van der Veer and Songster Marie De Wit, and the knot was tied by Commandant Fred Johnston, the Corps Officer.

A number of comrades spoke, ex-



**Bandsman and Mrs. A. Van der Veer,
Hamilton II**

pressing best wishes for the young folks' future, and wishing God's choicest blessing upon their endeavors in The Army.

The Secretary responded by affirming the decision of himself and wife to increase their usefulness for God. May the Lord bless them and keep them and cause His face to shine upon them!

"WHEN HE HAD SPENT ALL"

(Continued from page 3)

early, off set the now hopeful Jock, bearing a letter of introduction to The Army Officer at W—, who would help him locate his cousin and keep in touch with him until all was well.

Such a simple story; one of many such which could be told. But Jock is another of those who will never forget. Their name is legion.

We have learned of the regretful illness of Sister Mrs. Coley, of Montreal I. Mrs. Coley has two Officer-daughters, Mrs. Captain Patterson and Lieutenant Coley. We pray that God may be with her in this time of illness.

WEST TORONTO CORPS 25th ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

NOVEMBER 15-16-17th

Saturday Night—Musical Festival
Sunday—Brigadier Byers in charge
Monday—Musical Meeting by Field-Major Urquhart

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — **LT.-COL. J. S. BLADIN** SPRINGDALE ST., ST. JOHN'S

TIRED OF THE HUSKS

Wanderers Return Home

PHILLIP'S HEAD (Lieutenant Budgell)—In the testimony meeting on Sunday night, while we were singing "With His Loving Hand to Guide," a backslider came to the Mercy-seat and found pardon. In the Prayer-meeting that followed, another backslider returned to the Fold. Three others left the meeting under deep conviction. On the Monday we rejoiced over another wanderer's return. In the Soldiers' meeting, on Tuesday night, a young man under conviction came into the meeting, and after a long struggle, claimed deliverance from sin.

"PRAYER"—CHIEF THEME

ST. JOHN'S II (Commandant and Mrs. Ebsary)—On Wednesday night God came very near to us; it was the usual weekly Soldiers' meeting, and a most touching sight was to see four Bandsmen making their way to the Mercy-seat, there renewing their consecration to God and The Army.

The chief theme of the service was prayer, for, prayer, indeed is the key to Heaven.—J. A. Clarke.

WINTERTON VETERAN CALLED

Brother Israel Downey Goes Home

A sad break came in our ranks when Brother Israel Downey was suddenly summoned Home. Enrolled as a Soldier thirty-seven years ago, he saw some of the days of persecution, and on one occasion, when the Corps on the march was rudely attacked, he held the Flag staff when the Colors were torn from the same.

Our comrade always had a testimony that gripped the people, and rendered noteworthy service to God as a loyal Salvationist. Since the Band was organized, thirteen years ago, our comrade had been the bass drummer and his delight was to beat it both on the street and in the Hall. It can truly be said he will be missed by comrades of the Corps.

The Memorial service was largely attended. Every available seat was filled, when touching tributes were paid by many of the comrades who fought with him in the years gone by and knew his consecrated life. We extend deepest sympathy to Mrs. Downey, her two sons and five daughters who are left to mourn.—J.S.T.

CRAWLS TO MERCY-SEAT

Touching Scene at Gambo

GAMBO (Adjutant and Mrs. Ryan)—Sunday was a day of victory. In the afternoon the members of the Company meeting marched to the home of Junior Soldier Gwinnie Gouldings, who has been unable to attend any place of worship for some time. An Open-air meeting was held, and she was presented with a bunch of flowers.

At night while the testimony meeting was in progress, a young man, a cripple and unable to walk, crawled to the Penitent-form. Hearts were touched at the sight. Another man came forward and found Salvation.

HOME LEAGUE ORGANIZED

CATALINA (Captain and Mrs. Rideout)—Since the coming of our new Officers we have experienced wonderful seasons of blessing, and to date sixteen persons have been saved. The meetings are well attended. Our Company meeting attendances, too, are increasing and we have a Corps Cadet Brigade of six members.

Our Hall has undergone extensive renovations, the Captain doing the major part himself. We have succeeded in raising nearly \$200 towards this work. A Home League has been organized, under the direction of

READY FOR THE CALL

Brother James Nelson, of Campbellton, Promoted to Glory

On Sunday, August 10th, death visited the home of Brother and Sister Nelson and took from them their eldest son, James, aged twenty-four years. He was a regular attendant at the meetings until about a year ago when he was taken ill. He maintained a good experience to the last, and whenever the Officers or comrades visited him, he assured them that all was well.

The Funeral service was conducted by Ensign Mercer, on August 12th at the home. Quite a number gathered for the occasion. Mrs. Mercer prayed and sang a solo.

At the Memorial service, conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Mercer, a number of comrades paid tribute to the memory of the departed. Brother Warman and Sister Eva Price soloed. May God bless the bereaved ones.

The Musical Editorial Department

(Continued from page 10)

roduced him to aspects of music the like of which he had hardly dreamed existed. Tuition of this order, and assistance from a well-known correspondence course, all proved helpful to Captain Ball's studious mind. But perhaps much of what he is able to do to-day, as far as musical composition is concerned, is the outcome of close personal study, which has often meant the burning of the proverbial midnight oil, the cultivation of the rigid rule of self-criticism, and of hearing the finest music of all kinds.

"My joining the Music Editorial Department," he confesses, "centred my interests in composition and gave direction to my work. For my own delectation I have written Sonatas, Overtures, and even a Symphony or two."

Since the publication of Captain Ball's first selection, "From Storm to Safety," he has been steadily producing work which is always of a distinctive and perhaps rather modern character.

"I am not subject to inspiration at

all times," says the Captain, "no musician is, and even when inspirational ideas come it still remains for them to be given form and arrangement. This is where good workmanship and the development of the artistic sense are essential. I always try to make music that is worth playing, worth listening to—something more than mere surface noise; music that makes a definite appeal to the best and highest in the human soul."

Captain Eric Ball looks the musician he is, his shock of fair hair and his deep-set blue eyes, with their far-away look (which perhaps betrays the secret of the mystical quality to be found in much of his music), accentuates the impression.

The charm of the Captain's work lies in the fact that, apart from his Salvationism, his gift for music-making is consecrated to God's service, in which he delights.

Mrs. Ball is associated with her husband in all his endeavors, and to her help and encouragement, he confesses, he owes much.

A Happy Reunion

WYCHWOOD "OLD BOYS"

Pay Home Visit

On Saturday we commenced our "Old Boys' Reunion," when over two hundred Soldiers and one-time Soldiers, sat down to a splendid supper, under the direction of Sister W. White.

Adjutant E. Green led the following service, which opened with the Band playing "Auld Lang Syne." A telegram was read from Brother and Sister A. K. Ottaway, Sr., of Ottawa. Major Sparks, one of the Old Boys then gave us a peep into the past history of the Wychwood Corps. Other speakers were Brother Dillworth, from Port Credit; Sister Mrs. Brimicombe, Mrs. Ensign Wood, Field-Major Parsons, a former Officer, who said that it was forty years to the day when he left home to go and preach the Gospel.

On Sunday the services were conducted by Ensign H. Wood, who has just returned from South Africa, after seven years of labor there. The afternoon service was very interesting, for the Ensign gave us an insight into The Salvation Army work going on in South Africa.

The Hall was packed for the Salvation meeting.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" sang David. Surely he had in mind, as he penned these words, some such event as that held in the St. Columba United Church Hall on Monday, November 3rd. It was the finale of the Wychwood Corps Old Boys' Reunion and took the form of a Musical Festival, the individual numbers being provided by erstwhile members of the Wychwood Corps, other splendid items being contributed by the Band, under the able baton of Bandmaster McAmmond and the Songster Brigade, under Leader Pibworth. About forty made up the Band, one-half of whom were visiting "old boys."

A large assembly was in attendance, many being unconnected with the Corps but anxious, nevertheless, to "warm their hands"—and hearts—at the cheerful "Reunion fire."

Prayer by Adjutant Barker was followed by a very pleasing function, performed by Sergeant-Major Ottaway, who, on behalf of Band and Songster Brigade, presented the respective Leaders of these combinations with conductors' batons.

Captain Pilfrey introduced the chairman of the evening—Ensign Harry Ashby, who, in responding, brought cordial greetings from another "old boy"—his brother, Adjutant Arthur Ashby of West Africa.

The visitors who participated were Ensign Herbert Wood of South Africa, and Brother Alfred Wood, who were heard in a trombone duet; Brother Leslie Hancock, saxophone solo; Bandsman Alfred Majury, cornet solo; Brother A. Softley, vocal solo; and Brother Gurney Titmarsh, sousaphone solo. Songster-Leader Pibworth provided a dashing pianoforte solo, and Band-Sergeant Dean read the Scriptures.

(Continued on page 13)

SALVATION SINGING SUCCEEDS

(Continued from page 10)

correct, abandon to the spirit of the composition.

Swinging of clubs, illuminated and colorful, a vocal solo, a duet, a cornet solo and a trio, a pianoforte duet, and a monologue spiced the program most happily. The Brigade also sang the chorus, "We're sure of Victory."

Brigadier Burton, the new Divisional Commander, was greeted by Field-Major Squarebriggs, and the Songster-Sergeant read the Scripture portion.

Just one word more: There was other fare provided at the close of the Festival and for this the Songsters were grateful—we refer to the refreshments which aptly prepared the vocalists for the aforementioned conditions prevailing without.—J.A.H.

THE FIELD SECRETARY

Campaigns at Yorkville

The visit of Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, on Sunday, was greatly appreciated by the Officers and comrades. In the Holiness meeting the Colonel brought a message of help and inspiration, and at night he gave a forcible Bible address. In the Prayer-meeting eight seekers were registered at the Mercy-seat, making a total of fifteen for two weeks. May the revival fire continue to burn, until many more souls are brought into the Kingdom.

NEW DIVISIONAL LEADERS

For Toronto West Spend First Sunday at Lisgar Street

LISGAR STREET (Commandant and Mrs. Barclay) — Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, newly-arrived in the Toronto West Division, spent their first Sunday at this historic Corps, and were royally welcomed.

A splendid Holiness service, in the morning, was enjoyed by the comrades. The afternoon service took the form of a welcome to the Divisional Commander and his wife, and many comrades participated in this, including our veteran, "Dad" Scott. It was not only a welcome as leaders of this Division, but a welcome home to Lisgar Street, after an absence of many years of Mrs. Burton, who became an Army Soldier at this Corps, and left it for Officership. A rousing Salvation meeting at night, when several souls surrendered, brought the day to a close.

Adjutant and Mrs. Green ably supported the Divisional Commander all day.

BRIDGETOWN (Ensign Cuvelier, Lieutenant Mosher) — On Sunday evening while in the midst of our service, the fire bell rang. Quite a number left the Hall, but a little later many returned. Although the Devil tried to discourage us, we held on, and before closing we had five seekers at the Penitent-form.

A MUSICAL MINISTRY

Toronto Temple Band Week-End Led by Brigadier Hawkins

Last Saturday and Sunday was designated as Band Week-end at the Temple. It was a happy arrangement to have a real "Bandman" in the person of Brigadier Hawkins to conduct the meetings. The Brigadier was ably assisted by Mrs. Hawkins.

On Saturday evening the West Toronto Band (Instructor, Brigadier Hawkins) gave the week-end a good start by rendering a program of music, which was presided over by Bandmaster Hugh Macgregor. The Band was in good form, and their music was appreciated by a large audience.

The Holiness meeting, on Sunday morning, was a time of real heart-searching. Brigadier James Imrie, from London, England, soloed very effectively, and Bandsman C. Cranfield, who has just returned home after making his twenty-fourth trip across the Canadian Rockies, gave a ringing testimony.

Special prayer was offered on behalf of Adjutant Larman, who has been bereft of his mother, and was therefore absent during the day.

The Temple Band was conducted in two selections by Brigadier Hawkins, in the Praise meeting. In the evening service the Brigadier's forceful message brought conviction to many. In the earlier part of the service, while the Brigadier introduced a new chorus, a young lad volunteered to the Mercy-seat. We rejoiced to see a sister at the Cross, later, and got quite a thrill when her husband left his seat in the Hall and went to kneel beside her, where he offered prayer. — William M. Macgregor, Band Correspondent.

PROFIT AND PRAISE IN THE UPPER ROOM

THE CHIEF SECRETARY conducts Council with Young People of Peterboro and District

IT WAS the great Disraeli, statesman and author, who declared that "The youth of the Nation are the Trustees of Posterity." If this is true—and we have no reason to doubt it—then the young people's side of affairs is of utmost importance to The Army's future. Were it possible to cast a horoscope and determine our destiny as an organization in Canada East, the pronounced traits of futurity would be found to be but the development of characteristics already in a more or less embryonic state within the adolescent Army of to-day.

It was with a very cogent realization of the foregoing that the Chief Secretary undertook a Council with the young people in that part of the Toronto East Division for which Peterboro forms a convenient rallying point. Lindsay, Cobourg, Haliburton, Fenelon Falls, Uxbridge—and, of course, the all-alive Young People's Corps at Peterboro—were represented in the two hundred delegates, and workers who convened in the Orange Hall for three sessions on Sunday, and gave such inspiring attention to the Chief Secretary's addresses.

A Bracing Prelude

Many of the visitors were in the city for the Saturday night Demonstration by the Peterboro Young People, in the Temple. The Chief Secretary, assisted by Major Spooner, the Territorial Young People's Secretary, presided over this varied and charming presentation. Foretaste of one of the Sunday delights was given by the young women's vocal quartet. Their singing throughout the week-end was exquisite, their clarity of enunciation a treat, their sweet voices, each one in full sympathy with the other, making true music of the heart.

Singing Company-Leader Payton has two such parties organized

at Peterboro. Three of the girls are Corps Cadets, and all of them are active workers in the Young People's Corps.

Both the Young People's Band and Singing Company featured creditably in the Saturday's program, as well as a number of individual participants. The climax, however, came in the finale, which consisted of a series of tableaux, graphically portraying the parable of the five foolish and five wise virgins. The joy of the prepared guests, who had taken care to provide enough oil for their lamps, and the despair of the delinquents were realistically shown, forcing home a deep lesson that was not lost on the throng.

Sunday's Upliftments

How can we adequately describe, with the gaunt ogre of Space Limitations ever intruding itself into our ken, the glories, the inspirations, the upliftments of Sunday! The Orange Hall was converted into a veritable Upper Room, where the Holy Spirit operated, as it did of yore in the Jerusalem chamber.

Such singing! The Chief Secretary expressed his delight with it time and time again. Old songs and new songs, old choruses and new choruses reverberated through the Hall, winged their way out the windows, and down Main Street, with happy abandon—hearty notes and strong.

The young people were positively delighted to have so many Officers with them at the Council. Beside the Chief Secretary, Major and Mrs. Spooner, Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie, Adjutant and Mrs. McBain, Ensigns Broom and Chapman, Captain Bloss and the Scribe took part, as well as several Officers from represented Corps.

In the afternoon a number of the young people themselves had a share in the proceedings. Company Guard Edgell, of Cobourg, read a Scripture portion, Corps Cadet Herbert French of Peterboro, spoke on "The influence of the Bible on my life," and Corps Cadet Jean Cox, also of Peterboro, read a splendidly-arranged paper on The Army's Open-air work.

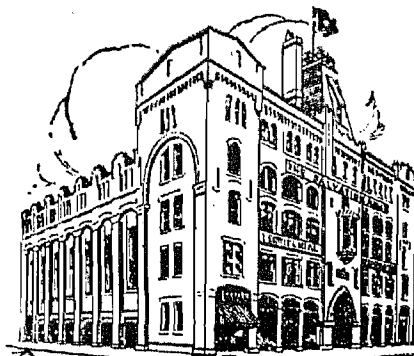
But the "cream" of the Council consisted of the morning and evening messages from the Chief Secretary. No better witness to their intense interest could we give than to say that we did not observe one listless listener, or drooping head, and we heard very few whisperings on either occasion. Deportment was excellent.

Many Facets of Truth

Sound counsel of an intimate, practical nature was offered by the Colonel in the morning. Many facets of truth were forthcoming. "Carelessness has opened the gate to tragedies untold," he said, when likening the soul to a City, the gates of which are in our keeping. And later on: "God never asks a young man or a young woman to give up his 'pleasures' without giving something better in their place. God's religion is not a religion of only don'ts and not's!" Something to reflect upon in that expression of the Law of Compensation!

At night the Colonel's words were of a particularly convincing nature. "His Bible reading alone was a wonderful sermon," we heard someone remark! And it was! He read of the tremendous tragedy of Absalom, the great grief of David, and the simple diction of the Bible story, given with such depth of feeling, such understanding, created a really remarkable impression. Following it came an earnest appeal to all the hesitant ones to seek the Divine Father, to make a full surrender—either for more complete service in The Army or for some other needed blessing.

(Continued on page 16)



TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS

The Home Leaguers of Toronto Temple Corps are fortunate in having Mrs. Commissioner Hay to preside when their Sale of Work is opened, on Friday, November 21st, by Mrs. B. Wemp, wife of the Mayor of Toronto. Mrs. Hay's keen interest in the activities of our women workers throughout the Territory is already well-known.

Two welcome visitors to the Territorial centre, last week, were Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard, who were en route to the Old Land. The Commissioner, as we have already announced, has farewelled from the command of our sister Canadian Territory, owing to the state of his health. We pray that God's blessing may continue with them in their sunset years.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Coles has been laid aside for the past two weeks with severe throat trouble; but happily is now making progress towards recovery.

Adjutant Bobbitt leaves Toronto on November 11th, to return to India sailing from Montreal on November 14th on the "Duchess of Bedford." *Bon voyage*, Adjutant, and may the good Hand of God continue to be upon you.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Adjutant Larman, of the Toronto Temple, whose mother passed away on November 30th, in Toronto.

On Sunday last relief depots were opened at the Augusta Avenue and Sherbourne Street Hostels in Toronto, for the benefit of the great army of unemployed. Nourishing beef stew is provided for needy men, several times daily. On the first day over three hundred men were thus aided in their struggle against grim despair. Several interested people have sent sandwiches along to these Institutions, much to the joy of the recipients. A number of donations for this specific work have also been received at Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and gratefully acknowledgment is herewith made for such evidences of practical sympathy with this work.

Yet another name will shortly be added to the growing list of Canadian Officers on mission fields. Lieutenant Ruby McPhail has been accepted for service in India, and will leave Montreal with Adjutant B. on November 14th.

Ensign McCulloch, of St. Mary's, recently entered the Bloor Street Women's Hospital in Toronto, where she has undergone an operation. Lieutenant Vanderheiden, of Kingston, has also found it necessary to enter the local hospital. We will remember these comrades in our prayers.

Our sincere sympathy and prayers are extended to Lieutenant Wagner of Chapeau, whose mother passed away recently in St. Thomas.

TORONTO TEMPLE HOME LEAGUE SALE Friday, November 21st

Sale Opened by Mrs. B. Wemp
(Wife of the Mayor of Toronto)

WANTED: THE RIGHT KISS!

Canadian Newspaper Article, Well Fitted With a Barb in its Tail, Should Provoke Thought and Action

"WHAT is the hope of the Church?" asks a writer in the "Witness and Canadian Homestead." "Nay, that is not the question," he adds. "The Church exists not to care for itself but to deny itself for the sake of mankind — for the sake of its Master, who pleased not Himself. The Church's essential mistake has been to act as though it existed for its own sake and to imagine that living for itself and to itself was living for God and to God. It has failed to see that, as revealed in the ministry of Christ, service of man (not 'services') is the most Godlike of Christian offices, and self-seeking the most ungodlike. 'The Church,' said a youthful critic, 'is so intent on saving itself that it has little or no time or strength to help to save mankind.' 'If we admit that the Church has been slow to learn that it exists to follow its Master along the way of the Cross, that is, to spend itself without stint if it can in any wise bring men back to God, we may ask: Is the task hopeless in view of history up to now? By no means. God has not slept.

Are They Satisfied?

"It is true that such has been the evolution of man's social conditions; so wondrous have been the revelations of science; so enthralling has been, through increased intercourse, the revelation of the world to itself; so masterful has been the spirit of questioning, that men, dizzy as never before with human interests and the fruits of human genius, dissatisfied as never before with the formalities of a religion so remote from the ideals it has itself implanted, have largely turned aside from what they have characterized as an illusion, in which it would be hypocritical on their part to participate.

"Are they satisfied then? Look at the crazy whirl, ever seeking thrills and never able to rest. Look at the newspapers, which are the humiliating looking-glass of the common soul, with page after page of what are called sports. The more degraded amusements appeal to the lower passions; the more noble court peril in the development of human facilities — often useless peril in unprofitable 'stunts.' But the staple sports largely serve no purpose for the good of man.

"Questionably serviceable for the twenty to fifty who play, they are pitifully vain for the two to five thousand looking on only to fill up the emptiness of life with vacuity. With them it is a 'pass-time' in a world in which time is so short and so sacred for those who would make their lives sublime. It is 'diversion' from something that gnaws at the soul.

Unfed Souls

"What a long history of unfed souls capable of divine relations is stored up in those old words 'pass-time' and 'diversion!' Don't tell us that men and women are satisfied by this cumulative pursuit of 'pleasures,' when the most experienced steamship owners in the world, building a vessel to carry four thousand passengers across the ocean in four days and a half, are rigging out even their costly space with theatres and dance floors because, according to their knowledge, which is not mere guess, eighty per cent. of those so 'well off' as to be able to afford luxury in travel cannot happily spend four days out of the nepenthe of the social whirl.

"Nay! all literature and not least the songs of Vanity Fair, testify to the dominance of 'care' when not put to flight by some 'distraction' only to leave a worse heartache behind it. 'Nature abhors a vacuum.' (Continued at foot of column 4)

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NOW FOR A GOOD SING!

MY FAITH LOOKS UP

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine.
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's passing dream—
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH!

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and Hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

THE JURYMAN'S PRAYER

THERE is an extraordinary story in Judge O. T. J. Alpers' "Cheerful Yesterdays," of a jury on a murder trial who had agreed with one dissentient to return a verdict of "Not guilty." This dissentient was obdurate.

At last a fellow-juryman wearing the badge of The Salvation Army in the lapel of his coat, to the astonishment of every one in the room, suddenly knelt upon the floor and offered up a prayer to God that He would lighten the darkness in the mind of their doubting brother. Although the jury was composed of men, some of whom held sceptical opinions, no one smiled while the Salvationist prayed.

When he had finished he rose from his knees and, placing his hand on the shoulder of the doubting one, said:

"Brother, has God answered my prayer?"

"Yes, but in part only—my mind is still not convinced; but if I give in to the other eleven I shall err, if I do err, on the side of mercy. I agree to a verdict of 'Not guilty.'"

And, adds Judge Alpers, "within three months of that trial certain facts came to light which completely established the innocence of the accused man."

Judge Alpers is a good friend of The Salvation Army in New Zealand. —New Zealand "War Cry."

(Continued from column 1)

Certainly the old saw well expresses the state of what man, for the most part, seems hardly to suspect within his own being: its celestial kinship. He only knows the aching void and knows not what it means. It is for Love to kiss that Soul to life, Love that knows not Self. The Salvationist who goes and shares life with the degraded untouchables of India knows something of it."

The World as we See It

ROME OF THE NORTH

Entertaining Glimpses of Prague, an Ancient-Modern City, Nestling Amid Seven Hills, Whose History Dates Back to the Days of Julius Caesar and the Roman Wars

By Captain C. D. Wiseman

WHEN Julius Caesar was busy writing the memoirs of his campaign amongst the Gauls, there was a settlement on the site of present-day Prague. In fact, if the authority of archaeologists is to be relied upon, this locality was peopled as far back as three thousand B.C. Toronto, and even ancient Quebec, are mere youngsters by the side of such a hoary habitation, that measures its maturity in millenniums.

To-day Prague—in the Czech tongue it is Praha—has a population of 800,000 people, ninety-five per cent. of whom are Slavs. It is the capital of the Czechoslovakian Republic which was born of the travail of the Great War, and consists of four lands: Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Carpathian Ruthenia.

The city proper rests on the right side of Vltava River, a tributary of the Elbe, but in 1257 the suburb on the left bank was given the name of Mala Strana, meaning Little Town, which it bears to this day. By virtue of its situation in the midst of seven

The spirit of Slavic independence found expression in the grandest figure of Czech history, John Huss. He was born in 1373 and studied in the University of Prague, at that time the foremost educational institute in Central Europe, and still existent. Inspired by the writings of the English Wycliffe of Oxford, Huss opposed many of the religious practices of the day. He also represented Czech nationalism against German encroachments. Like many other noble spirits his voice was at last suppressed. He was burnt alive—but the flame of independent thought that he kindled in the hearts of his Bohemian compatriots never died.

It is under the shadow of the memorial to John Huss, in the old Town Square, that Prague Salvationists hold their Open-air. Thus are the centuries united, for The Army proclaims on that spot, without fear of molestation, the same faith for which the martyr gave his life five centuries ago.

But there are other characters in Prague's history of tremendous interest as well. Before America was discovered it was a Czech king, George of Podiebrad, who endeavored to unite in amity a number of the nations of Europe, thus early conceiving the idea that has only found expression in recent days, in the League of Nations.

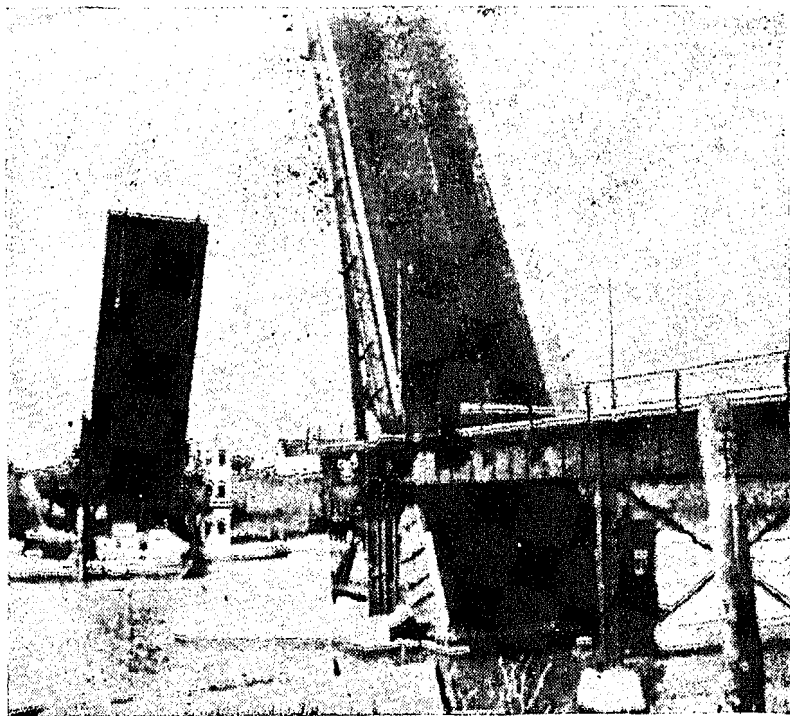
It was a Czech, Comenius, one of the foremost educators of history, who was the author of the first book for children. He called it "The Visible World."

Famous Emblem

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Prince of Wales has a very definite tie with Czechoslovakia. This is so, for his crest, with its three feathers and motto "Ich Dien" ("I Serve") was formerly worn by the Bohemian kings. Bohemian and Czech, by the way, are synonymous terms. After the great victory of Crecy in 1346, the emblem was picked up by Edward, the Black Prince, near the body of the blind Bohemian King John, and has ever since been the crest of the heir to the English throne.

Some of the most interesting buildings in all Europe are to be found in Prague. One is the old Town Hall, dating from the 14th century. In front of it twenty-seven nobles were

Continued at foot of column 4)



(Acknowledgments to Staff-Captain Hurd)
One of the twenty-one bridges which intersect the new Welland Canal

CANADA'S NEW NAVIGATION LINK

Twenty-Seven Miles in Length, this Tremendous Waterway has no Precedent in Actual Construction for Locks of their Size, Having Greater Lift Capacity than the Locks of the Panama Canal

THE fact is nearly forgotten that the new Welland Ship Canal, auspiciously opened a few months ago, falls into the category of great enterprises. Such is the humbling effect of Time.

The Canal is one of the principal links in the great chain of navigation from the Strait of Belle Isle up the St. Lawrence River and through the Great Lakes to the western end of Lake Superior, a distance of 2,339 miles.

This constitutes the fourth canal to be constructed across the Niagara Peninsula of Ontario, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The first of these was opened for traffic in 1829, the second in 1845, and the third in 1870. The last-named canal, with certain improvements, was effective until 1913, when it became imperative that a larger canal be constructed. The Great War interfered with the project but rapid progress has marked the work in the last few years.

Many unique features distinguish the great waterway. The total length is 27.7 miles. The difference in level between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie is 226½ feet, which is overcome by seven locks of 46½ feet lift each, and a guard lock. The navigable depth of the canal is 25 feet; the reaches are 200 feet wide at the bottom and 310 feet wide at the waterline.

The lift of the Welland Ship Canal

locks has no precedent in actual construction for locks of their size. Flight locks Nos. 4, 5, and 6, down the face of the escarpment, are twin locks in one flight, with a total aggregate lift of 139½ feet. They are similar to the Gatun locks on the Panama Canal, which, though of somewhat larger dimensions, have an aggregate lift of only 85 feet. By means of these twin locks vessels may be passed up the escarpment at the same time as other vessels are being passed down.

The time taken to fill is eight minutes, and it is estimated that a vessel can be passed through a lock in about twenty minutes. The estimated time required to pass a vessel through the entire canal is eight hours, against fifteen to eighteen hours on the old canal. The new canal is electrically lighted and operated by power generated from the flow through canal operation. No fewer than twenty-one railway and highway bridges have had to be provided for the canal.

The opening of the new canal allows the great steamers of the upper lakes, many of them over 6,000 feet in length, hitherto confined to the lakes above the canal, to carry their cargoes to the lower end of Lake Ontario, and very shortly to Prescott, where adequate terminal facilities are being constructed.

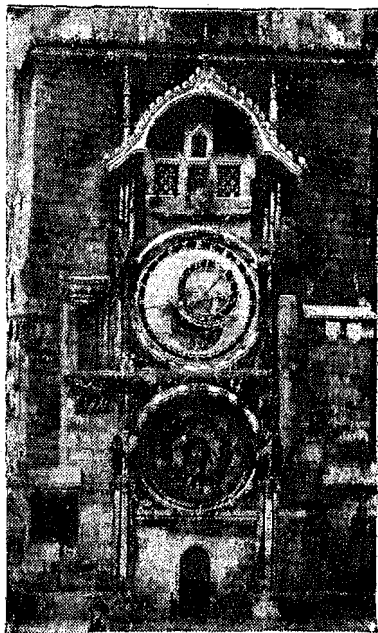
(Continued from column 2)

executed after the unsuccessful Czech rebellion against Austria in 1620. It contains the world-famous astronomical clock, built in 1490. When it strikes, two windows open above the dial and effigies of the twelve apostles and the Saviour walk around.

The present seat of the President of the Republic is the Prague Castle, parts of which were built before the twelfth century. Nearby is St. Vitus' Cathedral, founded in 1344, and not yet fully completed. It contains costly art treasures. The crown jewels of the old Bohemian kings are here kept intact. They were exhibited for the first time in centuries in 1929, when 150,000 people viewed them.

Throughout the Czechoslovak capital there is that strange medley of ancient and modern so incomprehensible to those who have never left the shores of the New World. By the side of structures, thousands of years old, new buildings and bridges are

(Continued on next page)



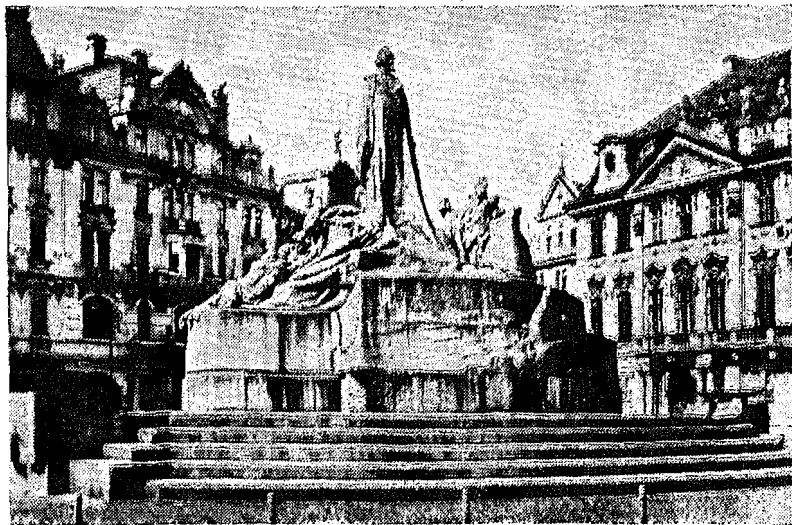
The famous astronomical clock, which, on striking, discloses effigies of the twelve apostles and the Saviour, walking from one window above the clock to the other

hills, Prague has been accorded the appellation "Rome of the North."

There are few cities in the world with a record more fascinating. Its history is a microcosm of the story of the Czechoslovak people. They have ever shown the Slavic independence of spirit, loving freedom intensely, hating servitude with an undying enmity.

The object of their hope was reached on October 28th, 1918, when the Czechoslovak Republic was established, following three hundred years of subjection to the Austrian yoke.

Romance is associated with this emancipation. Every sixth year Prague is the scene of great sport fetes—somewhat reminiscent of the annual games of the Greeks—by the oldest national gymnastic association in existence. It is called the Sokol. For years before the war it was deemed nothing more than an athletic association, but in reality its members were training for the time when the Czechs could rise against their foes. Thus the Sokol helped to form a nation!



The memorial to John Huss, the great religious reformer and martyr, in the shadow of which Prague Salvationists hold their Open-air

WHEN HE HAD
SPENT ALL

(See page 3)

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY
in Canada East & Newfoundland

"RECEIVING"—
OUR NEW SERIAL

(See page 4)

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TORONTO 2, NOVEMBER 15, 1930.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner.

Coming Events

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

WINDSOR, Tues Nov 18 (Home League Rally)
WINDSOR IV, Wed Nov 19 (Opening of New Hall)
TORONTO TEMPLE, Fri Nov 21 (Home League Sale)
LEASIDE, Tues Nov 25
LISGAR STREET, Wed Nov 26
NORTH TORONTO, Wed Dec 3
EAST TORONTO, Thurs Dec 4
YORKVILLE, Tues Dec 9

Colonel Morehen: Glace Bay, Sat 15 to Mon 24; Sydney, Thurs 27; Moncton, Sat 29 to Mon Dec 8; Charlottetown, Wed Thurs Dec 11
Lt.-Colonel McAmmond: Riverdale, Fri Nov 14
Lt.-Colonel Sims: Kitchener, Sun Nov 16
Brigadier Bloss: Kitchener, Sun Nov 30
Brigadier Byers: West Toronto, Sun Mon Nov 17
Brigadier Macdonald: Welland, Sat Sun Nov 16; Port Colborne, Mon 17; Niagara Falls I, Tues 18; Hamilton III, Fri 21; Brantford, Sat Mon 24; Hamilton IV, Fri 28
Major Best: Exeter, Thurs Nov 13; St. Mary's, Sun 16; Petersburg, Mon 17; London III, Thurs 20; Listowel, Sat Sun 23; Stratford, Mon 24; London IV, Thurs 27; Palmerston, Sat Sun 30
Major and Mrs. Kendall: Woodstock, Mon Nov 17 to Mon 24
Major Owen: Huntsville, Thurs Nov 13; Bracebridge, Fri 14; Gravenhurst, Sat Sun 16; Sudbury, Fri 21; Chapleau, Sat 22; Chapleau and Nemegos, Sun 23; Biscotasing, Mon 24; Haileybury, Sat Sun 30
Major Sparks: Todmorden, Sun Nov 16
Major Spooner: Lippincott, Sun Nov 16
Major Tuttle: Montreal Social Corps, Sun Nov 16
Staff-Captain Ellery: Fredericton, Fri Sun Nov 16; Woodstock, Mon 17
Staff-Captain Mundy and Salvation Singers: East Toronto, Sun Nov 23
Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy and Salvation Singers: Langstaff Jail Farm, Sun Nov 30
Staff-Captain Riches: St. John IV, Nov 14; Woodstock, Sat Mon Nov 17; Fredericton, Tues 18; St. John I, Fri Sun Nov 23; St. John II, Fri 28
Staff-Captain Snowden: Hamilton I, Sun Nov 16
Field-Major Campbell: Hamilton IV, Sat Mon Nov 17
Field-Major Urquhart: West Toronto, Mon Nov 17

ROME OF THE NORTH

(Continued from page 15)

being built, streets are being widened, public squares created. Perhaps nowhere are the city's antiquity and modernity seen to greater effect than in the case where The Salvation Army's Social Department—a comparatively new innovation in world affairs—occupies a building nearly a thousand years old.

Old Prague is moving ahead with gigantic strides, and The Army has got in on the tide of development.

Are you going Home to the Old Country for

Christmas
THE ARMY WAY IS
THE BEST WAY

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SPECIAL PARTIES

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November 28th

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LIVERPOOL

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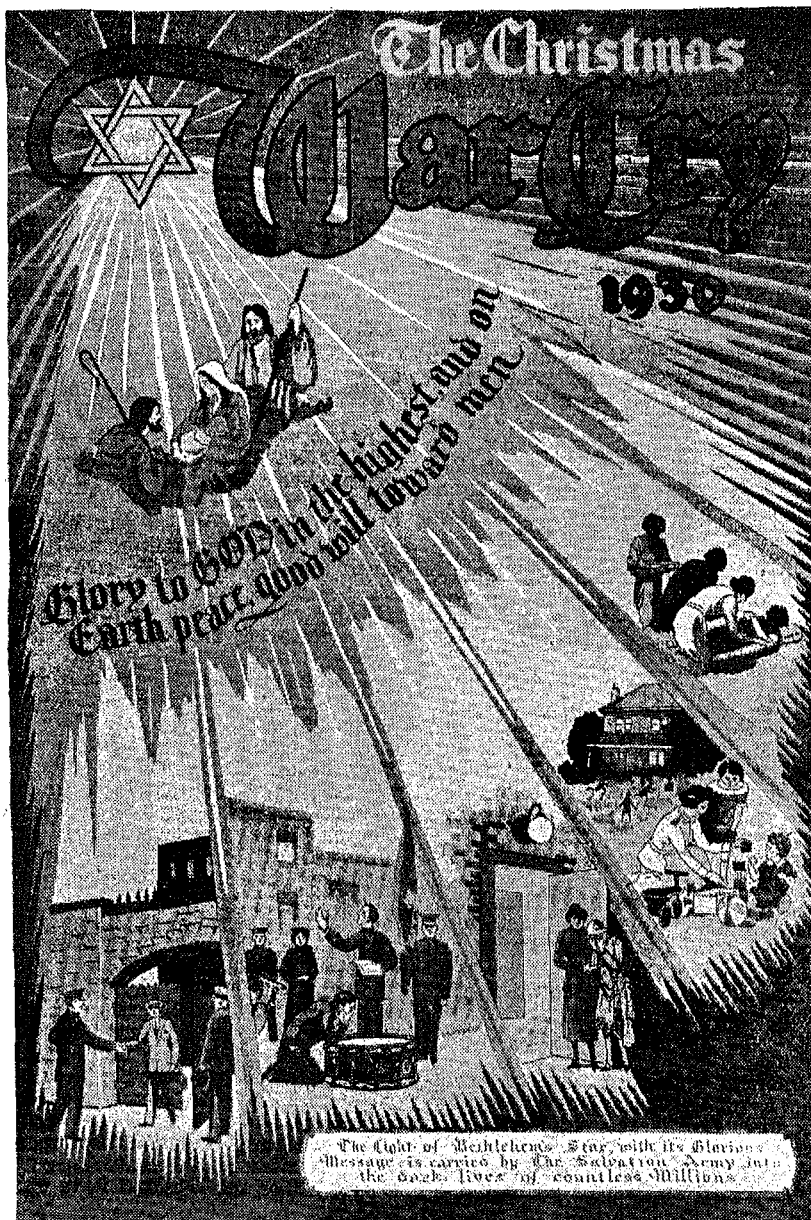
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A GREAT TWENTY-FOUR PAGER! THE CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY" IS ON THE PRESS

"I T'LL be off the press and selling in ten days." The Editor's eyes shone with suppressed excitement and veiled enthusiasm as he announced the fact to all within ear-shot in the Editorial Sanctum. His announcement broke the eerie stillness of the den and caused the quiet pen-wielders to sit up and take notice. Zero hour then, was almost here. At last! After months of prepara-

at superlative effect. And now—! Now was to come the consummation of all the toil, the dreaming, the planning, the scheming, the drawing, the pen-driving, the composing, the proof-reading, the etching, the printing. Surely an announcement such as the Editor had now flung out was the occasion for the Editoriales to celebrate somehow, somewhere and



[Reproduction of the Christmas "War Cry" Back Cover]

tion and perspiring and brain-racking the great twenty-four-pager was to be revealed to the world.

The Editorial coterie had been dreaming of the Christmas issue away back in the early Summer months; the constant touch with the embryo Winter number had seemed somehow to cool the hot Summer days. There had been comings and goings of artists, engravers and printers, processions of them, men of serious visage and wrinkled brow, who had come and gone for months past.

There had been consultations galore, there had been pens and pencils busy with pictures and words, there had been etchers busy turning the ripest fruit of the artists' brains into color plates; there had been the clicking of linotype machines like the rattle of machine guns, there had been brave doings in the "War Cry" printing shop, getting machines ready for their test of worth; there had been—oh, all sorts of things aimed

somewhen! Ought not someone to treat someone to an Eskimo pie or something?

Anyway, be that as it may, we have mightier matters to think of.

First, everybody should, and must obtain a copy of the Canada East Christmas "War Cry" for the year 1930. There is no doubt about it that this three-color production will prove a real seller. In last week's issue was a reproduction of the frontispiece. Herewith the reader will see a facsimile of the back cover.

We can say no more this week, owing to the autocracy of space, but more anon about this twenty-four pager which will prove one of the most remarkable ten cents' worth of Christmas literature ever produced in the Territory.

One last word! Make sure of your copy by ordering it immediately from your local Corps Officer. Another tip! Send one to your friends for Christmas—it's The Best Kind of Christmas Card.

WEST HELPS THE EAST West Toronto Band Visits East Toronto

The West Toronto Band visited East Toronto on Thursday, October 30th, and gave an excellent Musical Festival, over which presided Lt.-Colonel Perry, who is a worthy Soldier of West Toronto Corps. A most attentive and appreciative audience filled the Citadel to capacity.

Much credit is due the Band, under the baton of Brigadier Hawkins, for their splendid rendering of such items as "On to Victory," and "Man of Sorrows."

The Band items were interspersed with pianoforte solos by Sister Rowntree; monologues by Mrs. S. Dale; euphonium solo by Songster-Leader V. Farmer, and a vocal solo by Bandsman E. Strain. All these numbers were rendered with much feeling.

The proceeds of this Festival will assist East Toronto Band in the purchase of new instruments.

A MIGRATION VISITOR

Brigadier Imrie, of the Migration Department, London, paid a visit to Toronto this week. He is here on Army business in connection with which he has been visiting a number of migration institutions in Canada East.

On the journey across on the "Duchess of Bedford," the Brigadier took responsibility for a number of women and children who have come to Canada to join husbands and fathers.

For a number of years Brigadier Imrie acted as Private Secretary to Commissioner Hay in Australia, and has also worked under his direction in Great Britain. It was a particular pleasure for him, therefore, to be invited to the Spiritual Day which the Commissioner conducted with the Cadets in Toronto, last week.

The Brigadier returns to London on the "Duchess of York" in two weeks time.

PROFIT AND PRAISE IN THE UPPER ROOM

(Continued from page 13)

Major Spooner piloted the Prayer-meeting. Officers and Young People's workers prayed and fished. We observed one Company Guard lead three Life-Saving Guards to the Mercy-seat.

At the conclusion, when it was announced that twenty-five had come forward, there was great rejoicing. Can you wonder that tears of joy shone in the eyes of Young People's Sergeant-Major Braund, as he witnessed so many of his own Peterboro young men and women kneeling at the foot of the Cross?

In giving thanks to the Chief Secretary for his splendid efforts, Adjutant Jones mentioned that many among the number at the Mercy-seat had been on her Prayer-list. "Prayer changes things!"

A "wind-up," the "Upper Roomers" joining the Temple comrades, was led by the Chief Secretary after this soul-feast. The Peterboro musical forces both Senior and Junior, provided a happy Hallelujah finish to the glorious day of profit and praise.

BYNG AVENUE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Poulton)—In spite of the rainy weather, a good crowd gathered for the evening service last Sunday, and four sought forgiveness from sins. Two brothers, who were converted, handed over their tobacco, which was burned in the stove. After the meeting had finished we had the joy of seeing one other sister kneel at the Cross.—Jan.